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THE LAST BUGLE.

Hark! the muffled drum sounds the last march of the brave,
The soldier retreats to his quarters, the grave,
Under Death, whom he owns his Commander-in-Chief,
No more he'll turn out with the ready relief;
But in spite of death's terrors or hostile alarms,
When he hears the last bugle he'll stand to his arms.

Farewell, brother soldiers, in peace may you rest,
And high lie the turf on each veteran breast,
Until that review when the souls of the brave
Shall behold the chief ensign, fair Mercy's flag wave;
Then freed from death's terrors and hostile alarms,
When we hear the last bugle, we'll stand to our arms.

THE SHARPERS FOILED;

OR,

PLOTS UNMASKED,

AND

VILLAINY DEFEATED.

EMBRACING

Fast Life Scenes in New York,

IN WHICH

The Gambler, The Harlot, The Tricky Lawyer, The Revengeful Villain, The Designing Woman,

AND OTHER INIQUITOUS CHARACTERS

ARE

TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BOOZING KEN.

Down in the Fourth Ward of this great city, the home of land-sharks, thieves, and rowdies, is a street that is celebrated throughout this Republic for its houses of ill-fame, and as the resort of the worst class of the villains that prey upon other people's goods for a living. What can we mean but Water street?

Just out of this delectable street, in one of those lanes that cross it, is situated a two-story frame building, the lower floor of which is sunken some two or three feet below the pavement. As a general thing, the area between the inner sidewalk and the side of the house was filled with a crowd of bloated, disgusting-looking beings, but, for some reason, on this particular occasion, none were to be seen.

"It's a wretched looking hole," thought Col. Cashton, as he stood outside of it for a moment; "but what have I to fear? They will not harm me," and buttoning his coat up, he entered.

The room was partially filled with men, the very appearance of whom would be sufficient to give our Fifth Avenue belles the nervous hysteria; they turned wondering and suspicious glances at Cashton, whose quick eye comprehended at a glance the faces of all, and he whom he sought not being there, the Colonel stepped boldly to the bar, saying to a greasy-looking woman of some fifty years of age behind it, "Are these all the men you have in the house?"

"What's that to you?" demanded the widow, sharply.

"Much; I was to come two days ago, to see a man here, but circumstances detained me," answered the Colonel, mildly.

"Two days; I know. Bill told me a long-bearded chap mought be here. Jack," said she, to a boy of some ten years, "Jack, show this gen'leman to Stiles' corner."

"Come along, old man," cried the precocious youth, diving into an entry at one corner of the room. "Take care of your shins, cos it's awful dark along 'ere."

They were traversing a long passage, into which not a single ray of light penetrated. Suddenly, however, the boy stopped, and gave a low, peculiar whistle, in imitation of the call of a quail; this was responded to from some unknown quarter. The boy next gave six distinct taps on the wall—a loud whirring noise was heard—and to Cashton's infinite surprise, a portion of the wall turned slowly around, leaving just space enough for one individual to enter at a time.

"All right, Costy," said the boy, stepping through the aperture. "It's a flash kid with a long beard as vants to to patter with the kinchin."

"Blow me," said the person addressed as Costy, who stood just inside the hole in the wall, "blow me, if it isn't the 'dentical cove as vas with the party ve crowds at the yelling crib."

"Here, Kinchin, is a swell vith a beard like a goat that vants to vag his jaw vith you," said the boy to Mr. Bill Stiles, who was seated at a table, on which stood a bottle of camphene rum and a huge tobacco box, and around which were seated some three or four decidedly hard-looking cases, the whole party being deeply interested in game of bluff.

"Ah! is that you at last?" said Stiles, dealing the cards. "Vell. for vat do yer vant to see me?"

"I desire to see you privately," said Cashton.

"For vat? These 'ere is all friends," replied Stiles; "ve has no secrets here, and I goes a dollar better." The last portion of the sentence referred to the game.

"Well, sir," said the Colonel, haughtily, "if you will not see me privately, our business is at an end;" and he turned toward the aperture that was yet open.

"I haven't said I wouldn't; but you know I don't know who you are," cried Stiles.

"Will this convince you that I must see you privately?" said Cashton, making a rapid and peculiar sign with his fore finger.

"I am convinced," said Stiles, suddenly changing his manner to one of humble submission. "I obey your commands;" and rising from the table he led the way into a small room, furnished plainly with tables and chairs.

"Here, gov'nor," said the boy, "vere's my fee for showin' you the way?"

"Take this, you young hell hound, and begone," cried Stiles, throwing down a quarter, and in another instant he was alone with his guest.

"Captain," said he, "you must forgive my rudeness; I knew not to whom I was patterin'."

"I desired not to reveal myself," said Cashton, coldly; "but became on business."

"Name it; anything in my line, you know."

"I can depend on you?"

"Am I not bound by The Mystic Sign?"

"Well, there is property, jewelry, in a certain house in this city, which I want."

"You shall have it," said Stiles, decidedly.

"It is in the house of the same young man you shot three nights since."

"Ah! is the cove dead?" inquired Stiles.

"No; the wound was slight."

"Pity, for I hate that chick."

"Not worse than I do. You may encounter him when you are after the jewelry."

"This, then, will finish him," said Stiles, carefully displaying the handle of a large knife.

"No, no. I must forbid that. Gag him, bind him if you will, but nothing more;" said Cashton, in a decided tone.

"Well, I must obey—but, Captain, where is this jewelry?"

"You know where this young man lives?"

"I do."

"His sleeping room is on the second floor, front; at the head of his bed is a small table, on top of which is a small iron box—this is what I want."

"What are they—diamonds?" queried Stiles.

"No. A ring, a locket, a chain, and—that's all," said Cashton, calmly.

"Hardly worth the taking, Captain," observed Stiles.

"To me they are worth a cool thousand," replied Cashton; "this thousand you shall have on delivering the box to me."

"The box you shall have. When do you wish it?" asked the burglar.

"Within a month," answered the Colonel.

"Enough—you shall have it in a week."

"How am I to know you have it?"

"The old dodge—advertisement in the Personals."

"That will do," said Cashton, rising.

"Have a glass of wine? No? Well, it ain't the best. It's strange that though I have often met you in the streets, you never gave the sign."

"I never do, save from necessity."

"You're about right, Captain," said Stiles, as the two stepped forth into the large room.

"Costy, light the swell to the door" cried Stiles, and it was not long ere Cashton once more breathed the pure air of heaven.

CHAPTER XIV.

A HISTORY OF A HEART STRUGGLE.

"'Tis very strange—very strange—that we can hear nothin' yet of my niece," said Mark Winter, as he entered Harry Lorromer's room, where the latter lay conversing with the boy whe had so strangely entered into his service.

"No clue whatever?" asked Harry.

"Not a sign."

"What does Mrs. Winter say?" asked Lorromer.

"That Susan left of her own accord."

"Strange—very strange."

The boy went to the window, and buried himself in the folds of a newspaper.

"How I loved that gal!" sighed Mark.

"Why is it, Mark, that you bore more affection for Susan than your other nieces?"

"Because—it's a long story, Henry. But her mother was my first and my only love of my young days!" answered Winter, in a tone expressive of deep emotion.

"Tell me the story?"

"It agitates me whenever I think on it," said Mark, "for I loved Susan's mother above all else."

The boy in the window turned around, as if to hear all.

"When I was young like, and active, and a mighty deal spryer than I am now, I was called considerable of a beau round 'mong the gals. In fact, I was a gineral kind of a favorite."

"I don't doubt it, Mark," interposed Harry. "The boy in the window was listening very attentively."

"Wall," resumed Winter, in a steady, earnest tone, "wall, sich bein' the case, it is naturally to be expected that I felt considerable like the chap that fell in the glue-vat—I was stuck-up. Finally, I got so tremendous notional 'bout myself that I wouldn't speak to common gals at all, none but the very best 'ud suit me, and I kinder come to the conclusion that I'd go and get hitched. My oldest brother had just married Louise's mother, you know, and I felt 'clined to follow suit. Now it happened by some sort of providential 'currence, that jist 'bout the time I formed this resolution, I became acquainted with the only woman I ever loved—the mother of Susan." Mark Winter sighed deeply, and the boy listened still more eagerly. Oh, Harry, my friend, she was a noble girl, with scarce a flaw in her character; bright and handsome as Susan herself. Wall, wall, it's all past now; but the old feeling will cling. I fell in love with this gal, and resolved to win her if possible. Our courtship was a short, very short one, and at the end of three months she was my betrothed wife. We agreed tho' to wait six whole months afore we'd get jined, for some two or three reasons. I, as a matter of course, introduced her to the hull of the family. All paid her considerable deal of 'tention, but nobody was so 'ticlar bout her as my brother Matthew; he seemed to be mightily taken up with her. I didn't pay no kind of 'tention to this, however. One day though, I got a blow that struck me with the force of lightnin'. I was passin' our parlor door, when I happened to cast my eyes in the room, and there I see a sight that almost struck me dumb with astonishment; for thar a sittin' on the sofa, with his arm round her waist, and her head a leanin' on his shoulder, was my brother Matthew, and my wife that was to be. So engaged were they in talkin' that they didn't see me, and I was almost paralized, but I managed to step one side the door, and I heerd Matt say to her. "Oh this terrible betrothal," and she answered kinder short and thick like. "Wretched girl that I am, why did I ever know you?" and then I heard Matty tell her how he'd loved her from the first day he knew her, and how his honor had struggled with his love, and his passion had finally triumphed; and then she told him she loved him, that she was mistaken in supposin' she had ever loved me; and with low voice she told Matt she could never be his, for she was betrothed sacredly to me. He replied that it was too true, and he would fly the country; then she wept, and he arose and bade her good-bye forever. He met me in the door. Well, the girl screamed, and Matt stood still andmute as a statue, and I took his hand and led him to where she was sittin', and put his hand within hers, and I said: "Take her, Matt, take her, and make her happy;" and Matt couldn't speak, and the girl fell on my neck and clasped it, and wept. Well, a week arter this I went away—out to the West, where I wur a trapper—and then to Californy, where I got rich, and I came back, and my brother and his wife were both dead, and Susan was their only child, and now an orphan. She was like her mother. Do you comprehend now why I love Susan better than her cousins?"

"It was a noble, generous action; I honor you for it," cried Harry, with enthusiasm. The boy in the window was weeping, but the men did not see him, for his back was to them.

CHAPTER XV.

BETRAYED.

"How does Mr. D'Orsay come on with your portrait, Mary dear?" asked Mr. Grim of his pretty daughter one morning, as he prepared to depart to his daily task.

"It is nearly finished, father," replied Mary, taking up the newspaper to conceal the burning blush that overspread her features.

"'Pears to me he does it very quick. Now, when I was a gal, it took the painters six months, sometimes, to do one portrait," cried Mrs. Grim.

"Yes, but in these modern times we rush things ahead. See how I've got along; if I'd been like a good many, content to plod on, I wouldn't have been worth a dollar to day. But I started in life with one great maxim—*get money*—and I've got a little. I hope the picture looks well, Mary," said Mr. Grim.

"It is a 'counterfeit presentment,'" answered Mary.

"I'm sure," chimed in Mrs. Grim, "Mr. D'Orsay ought to paint her picture well, because he watches every motion she makes when *he's* here."

"Ah, Mary, you must be careful not to let him confound the counterfeit with the original," said Mr. Grim. Mary blushed still more deeply as she answered:—

"Mr. D'Orsay has too much good taste for that, pa; and oh, pa, that reminds me he wanted to get your consent for him and I to go to the Opera to night."

"Pooh! stuff and nonsense!" ejaculated Grim.

"It's nothing of the kind, pa; the music is so sweet, and I do love music so."

"Well, you can go if you're so anxious, but you must be careful, Mary, my dear," rejoined Grim, as he left the house; and he communed with himself thus as he rapidly traversed the streets:—

"Mr. D'Orsay seems to be an honorable man enough; already has he redeemed one-half of Powers' notes. I think no harm can ensue."

Pretty Mary had never been to the Opera yet; and, as was to be expected, was in a fever the whole evening. The best silk was laid out, the nicest shawl carefully brushed, and the cleanest of under-clothing provided; so, when at night Mr. D'Orsay, or rather Mr. Fenner, arrived, she looked so charmingly fresh and blooming, that that gentleman's passion became excited to fever-heat, and as he gazed on her smiling, round little face, he inwardly resolved to make her his own that very night. Villain that he was, that her own pure and innocent spirit would not drive him from his purpose. The opera for this evening was "Il Traviata," and so admirably was it performed, that tears involuntarily rushed to Mary's eyes. Never was man more assiduous in his attentions to woman, than was Fenner to Mary; and by this means she fell more and more in love with him. A woman, no matter how much of a flirt she may be in after time, is always, for a while at least, devotedly attached to her first love. It is he who receives the first outpourings of her heart's love—he in whom she confides and trusts, with a deep and abiding devotion. We cannot wonder then, that Mary Grim felt no fear, and exprssed no dissent from D'Orsay's proposition for refreshments when they emerged from the Opera House; no thought of evil entered her mind when they entered the carriage, and were rapidly whirled down Broadway. It was not long ere the vehicle stopped at one of those dens of infamy which, disguised under the name of supper-rooms, are convenient resorts for the libertine and his victim. Into one of these did Fenner escort Mary, and the officious waiter hastened to conduct them to a private room. Quickly did the actor give his orders for a rich and luscious supper and wines, and slipping a dollar into the hands of the pliant waiter, waited impatiently for the refreshments to arrive. Soon they came, and when the waiter placed them upon the table and retired, Fenner, under pretence of closing the door, slipped a small finger-bolt, and returned to Mary's side. With assiduous gallantry did he supply her wants, and mingling with common conversation so many delicate compliments and such exquisite flattery, that Mary became flushed and trembling and happy. And then came the wine, and as Fenner uncorked the first bottle, by a rapid movement he poured into it the contents of a small vial he held in his hand.

"My dear, dear Mary," said he, with deep tenderness in his voice, "let me in this wine pledge thee my love, my devotion."

"I don't know but father wouldn't like me to drink wine, Mr. D'Orsay," replied the blushing girl.

"Wine, Mary, wine! Folly. Drink, drink, I pray thee," cried Fenner. No longer hesitating, Mary drank the liquid. Its effects were immediately apparent. The hot blood coursed through her veins like liquid fire, a hot flush mantled her cheeks, and she felt for the first time those strange, indefinable feelings that passion's fevers give rise to.

"Oh, Mary," cried the actor, "you are looking more beautiful than ever to-night."

"Oh! Mr. D'Orsay, pray do not—you may be overheard," answered the girl.

"Who, who could avoid it; for dear, dear Mary, I love thee devotedly," said Fenner, in a voice trembling with passion; and he caught the trembling girl in his arms, and imprinted on her lips scores of passion-exciting kisses.

"Oh! I pray you let me go," cried the trembling girl, struggling to release herself from his fierce embrace.

"Not while I have life," answered Fenner, "for do I not love thee?"

"But this is wrong, fearfully wrong," said Mary.

"Can there be wrong where there is love? Oh! Mary, I pray thee be mine," said the actor with melting tenderness.

"Have I not promised? Have you not my love?" answered Mary.

"'Twill be an age, a lifetime. Be mine, be mine now," cried Fenner, straining her yet more convulsively to his bosom.

Then, but not till then, did a full sense of her danger seem to cross the mind of the girl, for she rapidly drew herself to the end of the seat, and in a voice trembling with emotion, she cried, "You would ruin me body and soul. Is this love?"

"Ay, tis love; but it is not ruin. It is happiness. Oh! Mary, draw not away from me, but let us together enter into that bright elysium made for hearts that are united," pleaded Fenner.

"Nay, Lorenzo, nay; for it is madness," answered the girl.

"Tis the intoxication of love. Come, let me press thee in my arms, fairest of earth. Loved one of my soul, I'll make thee smile with extravagance of passion. Come, come to thy husband," cried Fenner, stretching forth his arms.

"Husband?" echoed Mary, "husband?"

"Ay, in sight of heaven, for are we not pledged? Man can but join us briefly; heaven's laws are never ending. Come, come, my charmer, drive thy idle fears away, and thou shalt share earth's paradise with him who loves thee only;" and again he caught her in his arms, and then with soft kisses, and all those appliances so familiar to the accomplished *roue*, did he excite within her bosom the same fierce burnings that fired his own, and then and there did he complete a triumph over that fair girl that should condemn him forever, but which would be applauded by the pampered sons of luxury and wealth. *Reader, this is no fancy sketch.*

CHAPTER XVI.

INTERESTING TO THE FAIR SEX.

"Thank heaven! the day has arrived at last," said Mrs. Winter to her daughters one morning, about a week after the last described incidents occurred.

"Yes, ma, and how charming Louise is looking. Dear, dear Louise," cried Miss Emma, imprinting a kiss on her sister's lips. "Why, Louise, why don't you look more cheerful? Anybody would think you was going to die, instead of marry."

"Emma, my dear, dear sister, I wed not with the man I love," cried Louise, bursting into tears.

"There, there, no more of this maudlin sensibility. Love, indeed! is not Mr. Hudson wealthy? Will he not render you happy?"

"Happy, mother?" echoed the girl.

"Yes, happy. Come, dry your tears instantly, for your uncle will soon be in, and we must not let him see you so; he worries enough about that jade of a Susan," said Mrs. Winter, petulantly.

"How very singular it is that we can hear nothing of Susan," said Emma.

"Well, it'll be much better for you if he never does," answered her mother; "but we must not stand here dawdling our time away—there is much to do. Louise to be dressed—the *dejeuner* prepared—and everything falls on my shoulders," she added.

Straightway there was hurrying in the family. Immense was the pile of white-satin and lace, and silk, and ribbon, and flowers, and Heaven alone knows what, heaped upon the fair form of Louise. And Emma, too, gay and laughing, was bridesmaid, of course; and brilliant did she look in lily-like silk, decked with cerulean-hued ribbon; and as the two stood together in the parlor, they looked so charming, though Louise was somewhat pale, that we don't wonder that Gus declared (as groomsman he came early) if he couldn't have Louise he would have Emma, and straightway caused great commotion by an insane attempt to kiss that maiden, but gave it up as a hopeless task, so strongly was she barricaded by steel bars.

And then the guests arrived—St. Cecil and Mr. Tray and Col. Cashton, who was so struck with Louise's appearance that he instantly wished himself the groom; and finally Harry came, looking very pale from his wound, and very reserved and thoughtful. At length the groom came, radiant with triumph and happiness; but an uneasy look now and then shaded his features; probably he was not yet assured of his wife's love. More guests came, and then a carriage with the minister, and soon he entered, in company with Mark Winter, then all was still, and the four stood up before him, and in a solemn voice did the minister recite the service for such cases, and ere long did he pronounce the happy Hudson and Louise Winter man and wife; and the bride and husband received the congratulations of the guests, and among the first to salute Louise, was Harry, who kept very cool and unembarrassed, considering the relations he had borne to the girl, and that the eyes of Richard Hudson were jealously watching his every motion. Old Mark Winter, too, as he pressed the cheek of the niece, addressed her in his own rough and homely way, bidding her to be faithful and true.

Mrs. Winter, as was to be expected, was happy and smiling, commending herself for her own foresight; and Col. Cashton stood thinking, and looking darkly at Harry, for he had called up from the recesses of his memory the time when he had fondly hoped to have wedded, but the father of our hero possessing greater attractions, had been a successful rival, and as the Colonel thought of these things, his heart was filled with bitterness, and he resolved to wreak his vengeance on the son of his foe. And then the carriage drove up, farewells were uttered—and Louise was off.—To be continued.

BULL-DOG.—A variety of the common dog, called by naturalists, *canis molussus*, remarkable for its short, broad muzzle, and the projection of its lower jaw, which causes the lower front teeth to protrude beyond the upper. The *condyles* of the jaw are placed above the line of the upper grinding teeth. The head is massive and broad, and the frontal *sinuses* large. The lips are thick and pendulous; the ears pendant at the extremity; the neck robust and short; the body long and stout, and the legs short and thick. The bull-dog is a slow-motioned, ferocious animal, better suited for savage combat, than for any purpose requiring activity and intelligence. For this reason, he is generally employed to guard houses, especially by butchers, tanners, &c., and this office he performs with great fidelity. The butchers use bull-dogs in catching and throwing down cattle, and it is surprising to see the apparent ease with which the dog will seize an ox by the nose, and hold him perfectly still, or throw him on his side, at his master's command. In fighting with other dogs, or in attacking animals capable of exciting their fury, bull-dogs display the most ferocious and indomitable spirit. It is stated, in the *Sporting Calendar*, that they have suffered their limbs to be cut off, while thus engaged, without relinquishing their hold on the enemy. They become very vicious, and sometimes extremely dangerous as they advance in years, inflicting dreadful bites for the slightest provocation.

NO BALL STOPPER.—Sipples, one of the jolliest members of the craft, on being asked if he intended to enlist, replied that he was the poorest hand in the world to stop balls; he never touched even a fish-ball but it went right through him. His determination to stay at home is unalterably fixed.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J. E., Philadelphia.—According to a strict construction of the reading of the card, the third prize should be awarded to the party throwing 43, that being the third highest throw; the 44's throwing off for second prize, that number being the second highest; had it been stated that the three highest throws should take the three prizes, then the case would have been different. We give this as our opinion, merely, according to our understanding of the agreement. We know there are many persons who disagree with us on this point, but we base our opinion according to a strict reading of the card. Forty-five was the highest throw; forty four was the second highest; and forty-three the third highest. There were two forty-fours, it is said; still, they can only be counted as the second highest throw. If the card stated that the three highest throws take the prizes, then the 45 and 44's being the three highest, wins. As we have before remarked, we give this merely as our opinion.

READER, N. Y.—You argue wisely but not correctly. This watch question is one of a class that are always raised on purpose to confuse, and people, supposing them to be difficult, actually make them so by so thinking. The question is, what is made by the bargain, not what profit is made on the watch, consequently the watch must not in any case have a specific value set on it. Look at it in this way therefore, and you will see our answer was right. The selling for $50 and purchasing for $40, clearly leaves a profit of $10. The purchaser then sells for $45, what cost him but $40, resulting in an evident profit of $5, making $15 in all.

CHARY, N. Y.—"A and B were playing a game of billiards of 200 points, and during the game, C bet D that A would win the game, neither better knowing how many points was to be scored for game. Subsequent to the bet being made, A and B agreed to make the game 50 points less than the original score. A won the game, who won the outside bet, C or D?".....C won the bet, because the bet was made on the *game*, the conditions of which C and D were ignorant of, and had nothing whatever to do with. Had the bet been on a game of a *certain number of points*, and the players had then cut it short, the bet would have been null and void.

BLUFF, Toronto, C. W.—*Vingt-un*—"A B and C are playing at vingt-un, A being the dealer. A and B stand, and are each 20. Who is the winner?".....A is the winner according to the authority of both Hoyle and Bohn. The former says:—"In all cases of equality, the elder hand has the preference, *after the dealer*." The latter says:—"*Ties* are the principal advantages of the *dealer*."

ROME, N. Y.—1. The Canterbury is now under the control of Mr. Robt. Fox as agent. 2 The "shutters are up" at the Broadway Music Hall for reasons best known to the proprietor. We presume, however, that he found three establishments—two in New York and one in Philadelphia—rather too many to attend to, and cater for successfully.

A BARTENDER, "Out West."—1. Curling irons, or curling papers, are the only methods we know of for making the hair curl, although we have heard recommended a diet of curly cabbage and curly pig's tails. We doubt the efficacy thereof, however. 2. Address J. Bogan, 11 East Houston street, N.Y. 3. The two Whites are not of the same family.

C. W., Morris, Ill.—1. The balance of the players have not the privilege of playing alone. 2. He has no right to deal in the manner described; there is no penalty, but a new deal may be demanded, on the square. 3. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the merits of the two guns to give a definite answer.

T. H. H., Cleveland.—1. You lose, most undoubtedly. Your wager was, that you would beat eleven, thrown by your opponent. Your throw tied eleven, but did not beat it. 2. The tie does not give you the privilege of another throw.

BRAZIL.—To be economical, in going to Brazil, take passage in a sailing vessel from this city to Havana, Cuba, in which port you will find trading vessels, with good accommodations, bound direct for that country. The expense would be about $75. Thanks for papers.

A. L. S, Albany, N. Y.—The highest stream ever thrown by a hand machine, that we have seen recorded, is 196 feet, by the "Old Diligent," of Philadelphia. This may have been beaten, but we have never heard that it has.

A UNION MAN.—1. The aggregate pay of a Captain in the United States Army, whether regular or volunteer, is $118:50. 2. A soldier getting wounded under the circumstances stated, is entitled to all the privileges.

ANDERSON ZOUAVE.—They are made of hard pine wood of about ¾ of an inch in thickness, from 2 to 2½ feet long, and about one foot in width. The board is quite flat, with the front bottom edge somewhat rounded.

P. C. B., Sacramento, Cal.—Laura Keene was manageress of what is now the Winter Garden, previous to Mr. Burton securing the property. She was not long in possession of that theatre, however.

W., Gloucester, N. J.—The measurement should be from the nearest visible iron of the "hob," to the nearest visible iron of the quoit, care being taken not to move either dirt or quoit.

W. MCLAUGHLIN, St. John, N. B.—1. Tom Sayers obtained the belt by defeating the Tipton Slasher. 2. It was Johnny Broome that committed suicide. Harry still lives.

BROOKLYN SPORT.—The subject of "fight" between Hyer and McCleester, was first broached in a house in Park Row, where the former had gone to break his fast.

H. D. F., Washington, D. C.—1. R. Williams' address is 414 Broome street, and Phillips, 253 Bowery. 2. Address S. French, 122 Nassau street, N. Y.

DOOLEY, Fall River.—1. The Spider beat Jemmy Trainer, but was beaten by Alf. Walker. 2. The Spider's fighting weight was about 105 lbs.

BAGATELLE, Pittsburgh.—The partners on their respective sides take their turns alternately. If it were otherwise, one partner would be able to set up the balls for the other.

BILL, Manchester.—You were as much entitled to the point for Jack turned up when running them three farther, as though it had been turned up on the first deal.

SCARLET JACKET, Providence, R. I.—1. He played a few nights in Baltimore previous to opening at Niblo's Garden. 2 Madame Ponisi.

COUNTRY BOY.—There is no such law; the parties have been trying to humbug you. Have nothing to do with the concern, and thereby save your money.

R. C, Kingsby's, Pa.—1. He was a native of New York, born of Irish parents. 2. The picture was supposed to represent the death of Yankee Sullivan. We cannot supply the papers.

A. J. McG., Chicago, Ill.—We are informed that he has withdrawn.

C. C., New York.—Your friend's poetic effusion is hardly up to the mark for us to publish.

F. A. H., Sparta, C. W.—Thanks. Have placed them to your credit.

ROUND THE CORNER.—Mirror glass was employed on the stage in the last scene of the "Seven Sons," at Laura Keene's Theatre.

F., Albany, N. Y.—F stands for fun, which we think you are poking at us.

R. and A., Brooklyn.—The mutiny on board the U. S brig Somers occurred in 1842.

J. C., Boston.—John C. Calhoun was Vice President during the administration of Andrew Jackson.

DIXIE.—Sandy Hook is about twenty miles south of the city of New York.

OLD SPORT, Toronto.—In cutting for deal in All Fours, the lowest deals; and, in this game, the ace is the lowest card.

PATRON, Po'keepsie.—Jack Randall fought sixteen battles, and was victorious in all of them.

VAPID, Philadelphia.—At present we are not advised of his future movements, but we think not.

WHITEHALL.—It was after he had beaten Australian Kelly that Price offered to fight any man in the country, excepting Heenan.

PENN. ZOUAVE.—The cards enumerated comprise a "straight." A straight, when played, ranks next above two pairs.

HARTEY.—Should we conclude to make the arrangement, we will notify you.

H. E. G., Columbus, O.—See answer to "A Bartender."

W. E. S.—Respectfully declined.

H. C., Greenfield.—The Persia, in 9 days 1¼ hours.

JACK PURDY, Baltimore.—He is with Kerrigan's regiment.

H. WATERBURY, Wilmington, Del.—He is entitled to another bird.

J. L. B., Philad'a.—See answer to J. J. E.

BILLIARDS, Guelph, C. W.—The end played from.

RIFLE.—Address J. Syms, gun maker, 44 Chatham street, N. Y.

MR. EDWIN JAMES may be addressed, Boulton street, Soho street, Handsworth, near Birmingham, England, care of Mr. S. Penn, until further notice.

A BIG THING ON ICE.—On Monday evening, Feb. 3d, the Union Skating Association of Brooklyn, E. D., were to have a grand fancy dress military and civic entertainment, on which occasion there was to be a grand display of fireworks, under the superintendence of J. W. Hadfield, the celebrated pyrotechnist. None but subscribers were to be admitted, and as the members of the Association are composed of the *elite* of the society of the Eastern District, the affair promised to be a novel and unique entertainment. As we go to press on Monday evening, we shall be unable to give a description of it until our next issue.

THE CHAMPION.—Mace, the Champion of England, seems to be fond of all kinds of sport. He has just beaten Bob Travers, the black pugilist, in a foot race of one mile. Mace laid £50 to £20—rather big odds on an even race—and won by about twenty-five yards, in 5 minutes 13½ seconds. A correspondent also informs us that Mace was matched to ride his own horse in a trotting match of two miles at Norwich. He's a "gay boy," isn't he?

SPORTING HOUSES AND SPORTING MEN OF LONDON.—The series of sketches of Sporting Men and Houses of London, now being published in the CLIPPER, has already attained a popularity we had scarcely anticipated. The writer, a young New Yorker, "Edwin James," is a very close observer of human nature in all its phases, and while inditing his sketches of men and manners in the metropolis of London, he takes care to clothe them in plain, common-sense language, such as the most illiterate among our readers can easily comprehend. For whatever sketches of English sporting characters we have had heretofore, we have been indebted to English writers; but now we get a glance at them through an impartial American source, one who gives us facts, instead of fancy sketches. He has seen and conversed with the most prominent members of the Prize Ring of England of the present day, and has also had a "word or two" with some of the old stock, those few remaining heroes of the day when the Prize Ring was in its prime. As a general thing, he has found the London pugs a lively and agreeable class of people; always ready and willing to give an American such information as he may desire, and as far as their knowledge will permit them to go. Some few, who, by a streak of good fortune have "got up in the world," stand somewhat upon their dignity, and, in their fancied security of their present position, seem to forget that they were low down in the scale but a short time back, and that reverses may return them to that station which they know better how to occupy. We say there are but few such characters in the pugilistic ranks of England, most of the boxers being of a social disposition, particularly to Americans. We have just received a fresh instalment of manuscript from our correspondent, in which the writer refers to his visits to the houses of Jemmy Welsh; Pudney, the pedestrian; Joe Rowe, and his house of Dick Turpin fame; etc., etc. These sketches will all appear in regular order, and cannot fail to give increased interest to the usually well-filled columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE POLICE AMONG THE PUGILISTS.—The police at this time, appear to be pugnaciously persistent in poking their bugles into other people's business, without any assignable reason. Concert halls, banking establishments, pretty waiter girls, pugilists, everything and everybody, in fact, that they choose to get their dander up at, or cannot "knock down" on, is now being put through" with a vengeance. On Wednesday last, John Woods was arrested by officer Taylor, of the 5th Precinct, on a charge of participating in the late prize fight in New Jersey, between Winkle and Elliott, and was held to bail in the sum of $500 to answer, by Judge McCunn. Later in the week, Winkle fell into the same officer's clutches, and was held for trial at the Court of Sessions. Eight persons, including the principals, seconds, bottle-holders and time-keepers, concerned in the fight, have thus far been arrested, and the officers are in pursuit of other so-called offenders. It is about time that this malicious meddling was about played out, and the police had better turn their attention to the evil doings of far more dangerous customers than the boxers, many of whom have taken, and are taking up the cudgel in defence of Uncle Sam's Union. It does seem strange that they are permitted to fight, where death is likely to be the result, but put in prison for just having a bout for fun, where nobody at the conclusion is actually the worse for wear. If the police are so anxious to arrest fighters, why don't they go and arrest both armies, and thus put a stop to the unfortunate war now prevailing, for you know they may and can do anything, power or no power. At all events, we would advise them to have less to do in interfering with the pastimes of the people. New brooms sweep clean, however, and always kick up a dust for a time when they first get a new handle on. So boys, lay low, your turn will come by-and-bye

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HAND BALL.—Despite the war excitements, the very pleasing game of hand ball continues to have its admirers, principally, however, in the cities of New York and Philadelphia. Several match games have been played recently at the Ball Court of Mr. Jas. McDonough, Nos. 124 and 126 South Sixth street, Philadelphia. One played there a few days since was between John Duffy, of Philadelphia, and Michael Hamilton, of Wilmington, Del., for $25 a side, the best three out of five games. Duffy won the first game, Hamilton the second and third, Duffy the fourth, and Hamilton the fifth and the match. The game is said to have been very interesting. Duffy, not relishing his defeat, signified his desire to try another match, and Hamilton at once acknowledged his willingness to accommodate him. Thereupon, a new match was made, for $50 a side, and the money placed in the hands of Mr. McDonough, the stakeholder. The game is to be the best three in five, and will be played in Mr. McDonough's Court on Monday next, 10th inst. Here is a chance for those who would like to see a match at this favorite in-door game. The Philadelphia Court is 54 feet by 22 feet 6 inches, in the clear. Mr. McDonough is a great admirer of ball games, and does all in his power to encourage those inclined to take part in such recreations.

THE BELT.—According to advices from England, Friday last, Jan. 31st, was the day fixed upon for the fight between Jem Mace and Young King, for £200 a side and the Champion Belt of England. It is something unusual for a contest to take place so late in the week, Monday or Tuesday being the days generally set apart for the settlement of fistic affairs, and it is not improbable that Friday was named as a sort of blind, to throw the "blues" off the track. Be this as it may, there is but little doubt that the battle has been fought ere this, and we may look for intelligence of the event at an early day. We expect to hear of a well-contested battle, and we shall not be surprised to learn that the Belt has again passed into other hands, provided everything is conducted in good order. This is our own opinion, merely; were we to take the betting as a guide, we should certainly have to choose Mace as the winner; indeed, by most of the sports hereaway, Mace is booked to win, sure, and he is the favorite at odds in the betting. A report of the Championship Fight will be given in the CLIPPER soon after its reception in this country.

WHERE ACTORS MOST DO CONGREGATE.—One of the favorite resorts for the actor, the equestrian, the minstrel, etc., is the well-known establishment of Jas. W. Bancker, in the Continental Theatre building, Walnut street, above Eighth, Philadelphia. Here may be seen, at all times, various members of the professions alluded to, in the substance, and in the shadow. Bancker's establishment is very appropriately termed the "Pictorial Saloon," for the walls are covered with pictures of celebrated actors, actresses, circus performers, Ethiopian delineators, sporting characters, and miscellaneous subjects in great variety. Mr. Bancker is a retired member of the show business, having been connected with circusses and like establishments for upwards of thirty years. He was intimately associated with the late Gen. Welsh, of whom he speaks in the highest terms. At the "Pictorial," you can become well posted as to past and coming events in the dramatic and circus line.

HOW THEY GOT TRIPPED UP.—It now appears that Zollicoffer had "confidential information" that our forces at Somerset only numbered about fifteen hundred, so he started out with nearly ten thousand rebels to attack this small force; but he seems to have been "slightually" misinformed in regard to the federal numbers, for they were almost equal to his own, and, of course, Zollicoffer and his army met with a terrible defeat. Whatever successes the rebels have achieved during the rebellion, may be traced to the fact of their force outnumbering our own nearly three to one. But their game is now blocked, and when they are met with equal numbers, the rebels find it necessary to "fall back." "A hunky boy is Yankee Doodle."

NO MORE CHIPS.—Every body knows what a propensity the Yankee has for "whittling things," no matter where he may be, nor what he is doing. Well, this custom has grown to such proportions as to warrant legislative interference; and to begin at the head and front of their offending, the Massachusetts House of Representatives has directed its Clerk not to furnish the officers and members of that body with the usual supply of pocket-knives. This is the unkindest cut of all.

ALL RIGHT.—Considering the severe storms that have prevailed ever since the Burnside expedition set sail, it is a source of deep gratification to learn that so few vessels were injured. Having passed through the watery and windy ordeal, we may now expect to hear that General Burnside and his forces have put the rebels through a fiery ordeal. "All's well that ends well."

A LITTLE "LAW TALK."—CURIOUS CASE.

WE have, from time to time, conversed with our readers upon all sporting subjects. We have given them "horse talk," "fight talk," "ball talk," and "skate talk," and now we propose to give them just the smallest instalment of "law talk." Philadelphia has the reputation of turning out the sharpest lawyers to be found upon the face of the globe, and when an unusually knotty problem is to be solved, after it has puzzled the heads of scores of other counselors, a Philadelphia lawyer is the "Court of last resort." Nothing seems to perplex the Quaker. He is "well up" in all that pertains to law, and is most in his element when he has a "tough job" on hand. Although it is said to be an impossibility to "trip up" the Philadelphia lawyer, yet we incline to the opinion that many cases are gained by him by means of the fog into which he carries the judge and jury, and not through clear and lucid argument and illustration. He cannot be puzzled, yet he puzzles his jury, and carries them along with him to certain conviction and ultimate triumph. But it is when two or three of the smartest of these "fiery-drabs" are pitted against each other, that we comprehend their true greatness, and learn to look upon them with awe and admiration. A case was tried in one of the Philadelphia Courts some time since, which gave the counsel therein engaged a fine opportunity for the display of that forensic eloquence, skill and ingenuity, for which the legal profession of Philadelphia is so noted. A friend, himself a lawyer, sends us the annexed synopsis of the pleadings in the case:—

JONES VERSUS MARY ANN SHUTE.—IMPORTANT CASE.—SYNOPSIS OF PLEADINGS.—*Reported Expressly for the New York Clipper.*—*Dear Sir:*—According to your directions, we herewith send you a brief notice of the important case of Jones *versus* Shute. In the first place, therefore, let us consider the law, as our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and number, according as the statutes declare: *considerandi, considerando, considerandum*; and are not to be meddled with by those who don't understand them. Law also expresses itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding modes, cases, or genders, except, indeed, when a woman happens to be slain—then the verdict is always brought in, *man* slaughter. The essence of the law is altercation; for the law can altercate, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate. Now, the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five points. The first is the beginning, or *incipiendum*; the second, the uncertainty, or *dubitendum*; the third, delay, or *puzzleliendum*; fourthly, *replication without endum*; and fifthly, *monstrum et horrendum*. All of which was exemplified in the case of Jones *versus* Mary Ann Shute. Jones was groom in the same family wherein Mary Ann was cookmaid; and Jones, returning home one day, fuddled, stooped down to take a sop out of the dripping pan, which spoiled his clothes, and he was therefore advised to bring an action against the cook maid. An action was at once instituted, and the pleadings in the case were as follows:—

The first person who spoke was Lawyer Snuffle. He began by saying—"Since I have the honor to be pitched upon to open this cause to your Honor, I shall, I will, I design to come to the point at once, and show what damages my client has sustained, hereupon, whereupon, and thereupon. Now, your Honor, my client being a servant in the same family with Shute, and not being at board wages, imagined he had a right to the fee simple of the dripping pan; therefore, he made an attachment on the sop with his right hand, which the defendant replevied with her left, tripped us up, and tumbled us into the dripping pan. Now, your Honor, in Broughton's reports, Stack *versus* Smallwood, it is said that *Primus Pockus absolutus ist provokus*. Now, who gave the *Primus Pockus* the first offence? Why, the cook. She brought the dripping pan there; and though, your Honor, we will admit that if we had not been there we could not have been thrown down there, yet, your Honor, if the dripping pan had not been there for us to tumble into, we could not have tumbled into the dripping pan."

The associate counsel for the prosecution now arose, and said—"Your Honor, he who makes use of many words to no purpose, has not much to say for himself; therefore, I shall come to the point at once, and immediately I shall come to the point. My client was in liquor; or, rather, the liquor was in him, which served an ejectment upon his understanding, and his common sense was non-suited; and besides, he was a man beside himself, as Dr. Bibilbus declares in his dissertation upon 'nips.' In the 139th folio volume of the abridgement of the statutes, page 1286, he says that a drunken man is *homo duplicans*, or, a double man; not only because he sees things double, but because, also, he is not as he should be, *Profecto ipse he*; but he is as he should *not* be, *Defecto tipse he*."

The counsel on the other side now stood up gracefully, playing with his watch chain prettily, and tossing his raven locks emphatically; he began—"May it please your Honor, and you, gentlemen of the Jury, I humbly do conceive, and I have the authority to declare that I am counsel in this case for the defendant. Therefore, your Honor, I shall not flourish away in words, for words are no more than filagree work. Some people may think me an embellishment, but to them it is a matter of astonishment how any one can be impertinent, to the detriment of all rudiment. Now, in the first place, they have called a kitchen—my client's—premises. Now, a kitchen is nobody's premises. A kitchen is not a warehouse, a wash house, a brew house, nor a bake house; an in house nor an out-house, nor a dwelling house. No, your Honor, 'tis absolutely, and *bona fide*, neither more nor less than a kitchen; or, as the law more classically expresses it, a kitchen is *camera necessaria pro usus cookare; cum sauce pannis, stew pannis, sculiero, dressero, coal hoalo, stovis smoko jacko, pro roastlandum, boilandum, fryandum, et plum pudding miscandum, pro turtle soup es calves head hashibus, cum calipee et calipashibus*. But we shall not avail ourselves of an *alibi*, but admit of the existence of a cook maid; for, when the law don't find mistakes, it is the business of the Court to *make* mistakes."

Therefore, the Court allowed them the liberty of a new trial, for the law is our liberty, and it is happy for us that we have the liberty to go to law.

We trust our readers understand the merits of the case, and fully comprehend the true meaning of the law, as exemplified in the special pleadings, of which we have given a brief report. As our correspondent truly observes, the law is our liberty, and happy for us that we have the liberty to go to law.

FUSS AND FEATHERS.—The Indian Deerfoot, who, in his feathers, has been making a fuss among the Britishers, seems to have suddenly subsided, and to have reached the end of his tether. No doubt the speculators have made out well by the many races the Indian took part in, but it is not at all likely that he will meet with as much success in the future. It seems to be conceded that many of those against whom he ran, purposely permitted the Indian to win, the "consideration" being a portion of the profits derived from the "sales." We are now about square with our trans-Atlantic friends. Jackson, the American Deer, was managed in this country just as the Indian machine has been run in Great Britain.

"WE'LL BE THERE."—When the rebellion shall have been put down, and peace once more resumes its sway, no doubt there will be an immense foreign increase to our population; not the least important of whom will be actors and actresses, and professional people of all sorts. Some of the most noted sporting characters of England will be here, we understand, and it is not at all unlikely that one or two English sporting writers may visit us. Welcome to all. "Come along, come along, make no delay; come from every mountain, come from every way; our land is broad enough, have no alarm; Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm." Bully for us.

THE TURF.—In turf matters, but little is doing. Occasionally a match is made, to come off in the Spring; but altogether "horse talk" is not very loud at the present time. The boys have had a few days' sport with their "fast stock" and little cutters upon the frosty roads, and are looking out for another "fall," just to keep their "trotters" in training for the coming season. If proprietors of race tracks hope to prosper during the coming campaign, they must not encourage or give countenance to "hippodrome matches." We have had enough of such affairs. Give us good square trotting, and the people will liberally patronise the sport.

THE "GAMBOLIERS."—The gambling saloons of New York are not the only ones that are meeting with opposition from the authorities. By underground advices from New Orleans, we learn that several gambling establishments in that city have been "taboord" by the police, and some of the principal "bankers" have been "pulled." In Washington, D. C., the authorities are keeping their eyes on certain suspicious houses, and at the proper moment a descent will probably be made upon them. New York has not "suspended," but the business is conducted in a more quiet manner than it was before the recent overhauling.

IN A FOG.—Canine sports seem to have gone to the dogs, and where all sorts of canine matches were once so popular, we now scarcely ever hear of even a turn-up among the rats. To what causes may this great change be attributed? We can answer. To the dog fanciers themselves, who swindled the best friend they ever had, and thereby turned him against them. They have never been able to fill his place, and never will be. They have but themselves to blame for the many and serious losses they have incurred since their friend withheld his support from them.

A NEW YORK YACHTMAN.—Mr. Charles H. Haswell, well-known as a prominent member of the New York Yacht Club, is Chief Engineer of the fleet connected with the great Burnside expedition.

CAUTION.—In all probability the match between Mace and King for the Championship of England has been decided; and any foreign arrival may now bring the news of the result of the contest. In view of this fact, therefore, let us caution our readers against betting on the event when there is a probability of the result being known here. We understand that there are certain parties here who have made arrangements to get the earliest intelligence of the contest by way of Cape Race or Halifax, through telegraphic sources; and should they succeed in "forstalling" all others, it is their intention to send their agents around in this city, and in other cities, to bet all the money they can get on. This sort of thing is more frequently done than most people have any idea of; and it is to warn our readers against being caught in the trap, that we take this early opportunity of calling their attention to the subject. There is a *chance* of the news being received here at an early day, and our friends must use considerable judgment in their betting; in fact, it is better, in our opinion, not to bet at all after this week. Many men have made large sums of money by betting on "past events," and the only way to upset the calculation of such parties, is, to close the purse strings. "A special edict."

Since the above was written, we have received later advices from England, and from intimations thrown out, we infer that the match may have been fought earlier than the day announced. There has been quite a hubbub raised abut chartering express trains for fights, and it is thought that a train may have been engaged to take the pugs to a suitable place some few days previous to the time given out. Our caution, therefore, will be in the nick of time. The news of the fight may arrive here at any moment; so look out and be cautious about betting.

A PUGILIST ON THE PEACE QUESTION.—It is notorious that the "respectable press" and others, are very fond of denouncing pugilists, and classing them below the level of brutes, while at the same time they give a "full report of the great fight from our own correspondent" as a rich morsel for their readers. Their representation of a pugilist is, that he is devoid of all feeling, has no intellect, and never satisfied unless mixed up in scenes of strife. CLIPPER readers are better informed, and know that the contrary is the case; that the true pugilist is a peace maker to all intents and purposes, never takes advantage of a smaller man than himself, leaves the use of "barking irons" and "cold steel" to those who have not the skill and courage to use nature's weapons, and never indulges in fight and pugilistic "chin music," unless under the greatest aggravation. Even the latter he avoids, if by any possibility he can get arrangements made for an honorable meeting in the P. R., according to rules for such cases made and provided. As an example, and to give the lie to such absurd statements as we above allude to, we append an account of how the well known pugilist Ed. Price, prevented an encounter that might have resulted in bloodshed, between two men, who, from their position, ought to have known better than to have proposed to end an altercation in so heathenish a manner:—

"At about half past eight o'clock, on the evening of the 31st ult., Col. Kerrigan, Member of Congress from New-York city, got into an excitement in the bar-room of Willard's Hotel, which at first threatened to be of a serious character. He had a controversy with a gentleman from New Orleans, who is a well known Union man. They both got somewhat excited, when Col. Kerrigan drew a revolver, saying, 'We will draw a line here. You take the part of the South, and I will take the part of the North.' The gentleman from New Orleans, who was formerly connected with the press of that city, coolly answered that he was unarmed, and, placing himself in position, said he was not afraid of a weapon in the hands of such a man. The excitement at this juncture became intense, when Ned Price, the New-York fighting man, stepped in, and prevailed upon Kerrigan to put up his weapon, and go away with him."

DOWN ON HEENAN.—By our latest files of the *Sporting Life* we find that two or three correspondents pitch into Heenan without gloves, for his withdrawal of his challenge to Mace or King, just as the time has arrived to decide who was to be the man. These strictures exhibit considerable pusilanimity, and savor somewhat of the tin-kettle-breed order, for these self-same individuals took care to keep "mum" while the challenge stood. We rather think, even now, that if King or Mace were inclined to take a trip to this side of the water, that Heenan would not take a back seat for them. It is a great pity, however, that the American Champion has entrusted his affairs to such ill-advisers as he appears to have done of late, and thus gained the ill will of even such fighters on paper as the individuals above alluded to.

SICK OF IT.—In alluding to the battle to take place between Mace and King, for the Championship of England, we observe that *Bell's Life* of Jan. 19, is in a quandary as to who would be referee, as neither the runaway editor, nor any of the staff, would consent to act in that capacity, and congratulates itself that this is the last time it will be troubled in the matter. We do not wonder that such a trickster as Dowling, or "any other man" like him, should be afraid to undertake to fill the office. The CLIPPER'S prophecy is fulfilled—that the pugs of Great Britain would soon pitch him, for who would trust a man who would act so dishonestly as he did at the battle at Farnborough? By his dethronement the chances for Heenan to get a "fair field," should he undertake to meet either Mace or King on their own dunghill, are materially enhanced.

SPOT THE SUCKER.—From our correspondents in Indiana we learn that there is a genius going about that State calling himself "Jack Sheppard," and, with this convenient spelling of the name, he pretends to be the "world renowned pedestrian who trained John Morrissey, and seconded him in his fight with John C Heenan." The bills put forth by this impostor are full of similar lies and mistakes. His game is to advertise that he will walk seventy-five hours, without rest, in such and such a town. He was at Carr's Hall, Terre Haute, on the 22d Jan. Readers of the CLIPPER will give such an imposter all the "walking" he wants, and "spot the sucker" as he goes.

THAMES AND TYNE BOATMEN.—Geo. Drewitt and J. H. Clasper have been matched in England, for £200 a side, the former representing the Thames and the latter the Tyne river, to row a scull race on the Tyne, from High Level Bridge to Scotswood Suspension Bridge. The match causes considerable interest in England, as the stake is the largest ever contested for on the Tyne, besides being of a character that decides the superiority of either "water men" as fast and enduring scullers.

HEAVY WEIGHTS.—Massachusetts raises something else beside wooden hams and dubious chickens; for we learn that there is a gentleman in Newburyport, in that State, who has three daughters of the ages of fourteen, seventeen, and twenty, whose aggregate weight is five hundred and thirty pounds! All honor to the gentleman of Newburyport.

DEATH OF A JOCKEY.—Luke Snowden, the celebrated jockey, died of typhus fever, after a brief illness, on Jan. 15th, at Lambourn, Berkshire, Eng., aged twenty-four, or twenty-five. As a jockey he ranked among the foremost, being generally successful in his races. In the racing season of 1859, Luke won no less than sixty-five races, being second in point of numbers to Fordham.

THE GOLD FINDERS.—This is the title of a book lately issued and is replete with interest and thrilling events incidental to the life of a gold seeker in California. Price 50 cts. F. A. Brady, 24 Ann street, New York.

SAD TIDINGS.—Illness and death are now frequently mentioned in our "Theatrical Record." The fact is, a very large number of persons are engaged in the theatrical profession, and we must consider the usual trials of health at this season of the year.

FAST SAILING.—The packet ship Emerald Isle sailed from this port on the 31st of December, and arrived at Liverpool on the 16th of January, making the passage in about sixteen days.

DOG FIGHT AT CINCINNATI.—A canine match for $100 a side, was settled at Cincinnati, on the 27th ult., between the dogs Crib and Turk; the former of Porkopolis and the latter of the Metropolis. The fight is said to have been one of the most desperate and determined character, lasting one hour and forty-two minutes. The Empire City dog won the fight—the Crib dog being drawn to save his life. There was an attendance of over four hundred spectators. Johnny Mackey was the trainer and handler of the winning dog, which he is ready to match with any 25lb dog in the country.

WANTS TO FIGHT.—Joel Lewis appears to be anxious to fight C. F. Jones, and expresses himself as follows, in a communication from Boston, dated Jan. 27:—"I hereby challenge C. F. Jones, of Boston, to a fair stand up fight, at catch weight, for the sum of fifty dollars; said fight to take place within thirty days from date, within fifty miles of the city of Boston. Man and money to be found at J. P Sutton's 24 Hanover street, Boston. JOEL LEWIS.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

JAN. 21.—Cook and Fellows—£10 a side, at 8st 10lb, Birmingham.
31.—Mace and King—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt.
FEB. —Nobby Hall, of Birmingham, and C. Wilkinson, of the Potteries—£50 a side, at 9st 4lb, Midland Counties.
APRIL 1.—Dan Thomas and Joe Nolan—£200 a side, at 8st 10lb, Home circuit.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING—£400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—The final deposit of £30 a side between the present Champion, Jem Mace, and Tom King, for the Championship and £200 a side, was to take place on Thursday, Jan. 24, at Jem Mace's, the Old King John, Holywell-lane, Shoreditch, between the hours of eight and ten P. M., when arrangements were to be made for the transit to the scene of action, and the place of meeting definitely settled. The bulletins respecting both men were perfectly satisfactory, and each were improving daily in their condition. The confidence of the combatants increase as the time approaches, and their physical condition is said to be excellent

IDYLS OF THE RING.

ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO.

"That mighty instrument of little men"
Wards off a sea fight—how? by Se-ward's pen;
Yes, his dispatch has stilled a naval tussle,
The sponge *hurl'd* up in favor of *earled* Russell.
The hand must guide the pen, so our late huffs
With Jonathan, are floored by fisticuffs,
And better, far, it is to end-all war by
Such a sign *manual*, *alias* a "mawley"
"England's at peace with all the world" hurrah!
Thus says the *Dial* and the *Morning Star*;
Thy temple, Janus, is shut up *pro. tem.*,
Next to be ope'd by *Mace*rating Jem,
Who, with a merry monarch in the ring,
Will soon contest the empire of a *King*,
Who on his part, will also, round by round,
Strive to make good his title to be crowned.
One of the two will wear the diadem,
King will be crowned, or *Jem* will prove *the* gem;
I really will not wager an opinion
Which will be *dominicus*, which gain dominon,
Altho' I stake—no matter what—the twain
For Championship will strive with might and *main*—
One, to preserve his crown, and both, to reign.
King is majestic, Mace is powerful—true!
Though both may *feint*, they're not *faint*-hearted, too,
Jem's a pedestrian, nimble with his feet,
And in his *feat* Bob Travers lately beat.
Jem's an equestrian, we may divine,
He is at home, too, in the *pommelling* line;
Yet, though Jem's good at running, to his praise,
The phrase applies not to the Champion's *frays*;
And, in the coming single combat, Jem
Will run towards his man—not run from *him*;
The only running *from* will be when blows,
Perhaps, have caused a running from his nose.
As Jem is dexterous, ambidexterous, p'raps
The royal nose may run, too, from Jem's *taps*.
That both are plucky men, none can gainsay,
Though which will conquer in the coming fray,
Which win the Championship, and wear the bays—
As both are confident—is all a maze.
One thing seems clear, and what is that? Why this—
Both men in arms will vie, fight *et et armis*,
And he who wins the crown will be *the* man
To challenge—if he *dare* to fight him—Heenan.

DEIERMINED FIGHT FOR £50,

BETWEEN

JEM DILLON AND MICK COCKLIN,

ON TUESDAY, JAN. 7.

The mill between Jem Dillon and Mick Cocklin took place in the metropolitan district, for £25 a side, at 9st 11lb, and the men being looked upon as rising stars, a vast amount of interest was centered in the affair amongst their immediate adherents and friends. They have been before the public in the P. R., and are well known amongst the frequenters of the superior class of benefits, where they have both proved themselves good men and true. Jem Dillon being the older boxer, we give the precedence to his performances.

Jem Dillon was twenty-two years of age on March 10, 1861, stands 5ft 5¼in. in height, and, on this occasion, weighed about 9st 11lb. He is a native of the Emerald Isle, the county of Limerick having the honor of being his birth place. His first appearance in the P. R. was with Dooney Harris, for £25, whom he defeated after a tremendous battle in the same ring that Jem Mace and Bob Travers fought, on February 21, 1860. His next appearance was with Smith, the Brighton Doctor, for a purse of £25, subscribed by some gentlemen. The battle took place at Aldershot during the same year, when Dillon proved victorious, after fighting a good battle. On the present occasion he was backed from J. Brown's, the Sugar Loaf, King-street, Drury-lane, and trained at the Green Dragon, Highgate, where, by attention to his training, he reduced himself from 11st 10lb to the stipulated weight.

Mick Cocklin has only once before been in the magic arena, on which occasion he fought Lennard (a draw) for a purse, and the performance was considered good enough to back him against some rising man. He is a fine young fellow, standing 5ft 7in in height, and weighed on the day of fighting, 9st 9½lb. He was born in London, September 29, 1836. He trained at Mr. Edwards', the Jolly Butchers, Twickenham Common, attended by Tommy Hackett. The final deposit was made at George Brown's, Barbican, and the weighing took place on Monday, at J. Brown's, Drury-lane, when both men were found to be well within their weight. Not a blow was struck as regards betting, each party playing the old soldier, and waiting for odds on the day.

A well-known spot was fixed upon as the place of departure to the scene of action, and all the arrangements for bringing off the affair were carried out to the letter. The steamboat, which was chartered for the occasion, got under weigh at a quarter-past ten, and the first landing was made at five minutes past eleven, and after a few minutes had been spent in finding a convenient spot, the police showed their unwelcome faces. A move back to the boat was imperative, and she steamed further down the silent highway, trying more than one spot as she proceeded on her way to the limit of her destination, but the "bobbies" were on the *qui vive* at each place with a vengeance. The only alternative was to return, the men and backers both looking glum. A consultation having been held, the same places were again tried until a spot was found, where, for the time, the authorities were *non est*. The ring was pitched at twenty-eight minutes past one, and Cocklin was the first to throw his cap into the arena, having two well known retired pugilists as his seconds. Jem Dillon was soon after him, having also a couple of well known professors in attendance. Their colors were:—Chocolate, with blue and yellow spots and blue border for Cocklin, and crimson cross-bar on a black ground for Dillon. During the time occupied in giving the combatants the finishing touch, the betting was rather brisk at 6 to 4 on Dillon, and at thirty-nine minutes past one the men advanced to the scratch for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both men looked remarkably well on putting up their hands, the training each man had undergone being plainly perceptible. Cocklin is a fine-made young fellow, with the muscles on his chest and shoulders well developed, but a falling off was apparent in the loins and back. His legs are first rate, and his attitude all that could be wished, being free, and, at the same time, cautious. Dillon, although showing a marked improvement on any previous occasion, still stripped with rather too much flesh on his ribs and back. His muscles are out of the ordinary character, being remarkable for a roundness and elasticity seldom witnessed; while his width of chest and loins promised strength as well as endurance. His attitude was firm, with the left rather low, but well advanced, and the right ready prepared for action. Cocklin was the first to commence proceedings before any sparring took place, by feinting with his left, Dillon getting away. They sparred until getting within shot, when Dillon dashed out his left, which was avoided by Cocklin breaking ground, at the same time visiting the shoulder with his left, getting the double on the forehead. Dillon, meaning mischief, sent out his right, but missed his mark. Both sparred for an opening, when Dillon got his left on the eye and nose, Cocklin countering on the nasal organ. This forced exchanges, Mick getting well on the cheek, Jem sending his right on the mark, and slipping away from the return, only receiving a light right-hander on the top of the head. Getting within distance, Dillon delivered his left heavily on the nose, being countered on the forehead. Sparring for an opening again was the order of the day, each offering and getting out of shot, until good counters with the left took place; Cocklin getting on the cheek bone; Dillon on the eyebrow, drawing blood slightly. Exchanges to the ropes, Dillon on the ribs with his right, and the left on the nose, receiving on the chest. Sparring until they both fired away with the left, Dillon landing, and avoiding a return. Cocklin sparred to the distance, when Dillon slipped away; he then let loose his left at the mark, but was out of distance, and, following it up, slipped down, but quickly jumped up, and renewed the round. After some sparring, both countered on the frontispiece. The same tactics were displayed for some time, until Cocklin impetuously dashed out his left on the chest, leaving a flushed mark, Dillon at the same time getting well home on the nose with his left. Cocklin, determined to be busy, tried his left at the body, and succeeded in getting the double on the right eye, receiving on the mouth; exchanges, in which both were busy with the right on the body, until they closed, and struggled for the fall, which was gained by Dillon. Time, 5min.

2. Cocklin had his left eye, nose, and mouth flushed, while Dillon's chest had a red mark, and his forehead and left ear showed marks of visitation, as they faced each other. Sparring took place until fairly within reach, when Dillon landed his left on the mouth, and feinted at the mark, which Cocklin avoided by getting out of shot. Dillon, in the next attempt, was more successful, as he got a rather hot one on the left eye, receiving on the jaw. More sparring, and the lads were again getting within range, when half a dozen of the local constabulary appeared, and *sauve qui peut* was the cry, after fighting twelve minutes. The first consideration was how to get the men away, and the ropes and stakes preserved for the change of *venue*. The boats were nearly reached in safety, when a seizure was made on a portion of the property of the P. B. A., and one individual was walked of to *durance vile* instanter, and another shared the same fate almost simultaneously. The remaining portion of the community were happily conveyed safely on board, when no time was lost in making another pitch, and the men got into the ring at five minutes past three for the renewal of the fight.

3. Cocklin's left eye was swollen, mouth and nose also flushed. Dillon had his forehead and ear slightly tinged, and his chest showing bruises. They sparred for a short time before Dillon stopped a well-intended left-hander of Cocklin's, who, in the second attempt, got on to the cheek. Sparring until good left handed counters were delivered on the forehead and nose. Dillon then got his left on the body heavily, Cocklin sending his left over the shoulder. Quick sparring was the order of the day. Cocklin tried the double with his left, Dillon well stopping both, and returning short at the body. Left handed counters got home, Dillon on the nose and left ear, Cocklin with the left on the cheek, and the right behind the ear. More sparring, when Dillon broke away from Cocklin's left, the latter, at the second attempt, getting well on the chest. Dillon, after feinting at the body, got his left on the nose heavily, drawing blood, and stopped Cocklin's right. This forced exchanges right and left on the body and head, until Dillon slipped down. Time in the second ring, 8 min.

4. Cocklin's ear was up, and his left eye and nose much flushed. Dillon had a bump on his forehead, and his shoulder bruised. No time was lost in sparring, the lads countering as soon as they got together, both getting on the face fairly. The ice was now fairly broken, both being very eager to finish the mill on the spot. They rattled away merrily, counters and exchanges being the order of things, until they closed at the ropes; but, breaking away, some counter-hitting of almost unexampled severity followed until they closed, and after some terrific half-armed deliveries, they again closed at the ropes, where Dillon slipped down. Time, 16 min.

5. Both came up, anxious to be busy, and no time was lost in sparring. Cocklin led off with his left, which was well stopped by Dillon, who was short in the return. Counters with the left on the nose by Dillon, and on the mouth by Cocklin were delivered simultaneously. The same again with effect, when both stopped cleverly. Dillon next got fairly on the ribs, receiving on the cheek and shoulder. Dillon, who found he could plant on his man, got on the nose with the left; Cocklin short in the return, but he landed his left on the mouth; Dillon returned the compliment with interest on the nose. Both were busy, Dillon getting on the mark and ribs, occasionally delivering some severe hits on the nose and eye; Cocklin was also industrious at the ear and mouth, as well as on the jaw, and forced exchanges; some severe blows at the head and body were delivered, until they fought to the ropes, when Dillon was forced down. Time, 23 min.

6 to 12. The punishment during these rounds was almost equal; but, if anything, in favor of Dillon, who was getting much fresher than he was at the conclusion of the fifth round. The fighting was most determined on both sides; counters on the nose, ear, and mouth being taken and given with a hearty good will. Cocklin had the worst of the out fighting, but was the stronger at close quarters, and invariably fought Dillon to the ropes, where he either threw him or forced him over the ropes; except in the last, when the exchanges were given until they closed and broke away twice, in the latter of which Dillon missed his right and fell against the ropes, and on Cocklin rushing to him, Dillon went down suspiciously. An appeal was made, but the referee ordered the men to fight on.

13 to 15. Both were much punished about the head, and Cocklin's body was much bruised under the left arm. The fighting was of the same character as the preceding rounds, the give and take on both sides being of much more than of ordinary severity. The left-handed counters were delivered like catapults, in more than one instance sending the recipient's head quite back. They closed, and after severe body blows, broke away; but they soon renewed the same game till they got to the ropes, and in the last Dillon threw Cocklin. Time, 1 hr. 2 min.

16 to 21. Cocklin's left eye was fast closing, his nose and mouth much swollen and bleeding. Dillon was also dropping it from the mouth and eyebrow. The Limerick Boy, through these rounds, was gradually, but surely improving his chance; yet Cocklin, as game as a pebble, always returned a "Rowland for an Oliver." The counters were in Dillon's favor, as he landed them on the nose and left eye, which was fast going up, and in the exchanges, got the right on the left side of the head. Cocklin got his left on the forehead or cheek, but sent his right too far round, most of his effective blows taking effect on the back of Dillon's cast-iron head. More counters, until Cocklin rushed to close quarters, when the usual half-armed blows were delivered, until Dillon cleverly got the hug on, and held Cocklin until he himself fell on his back, and they rolled apart.

22 to 27 were precisely in the same style as the preceding, Dillon gradually increasing his lead, notwithstanding all the game and determined efforts of Cocklin, who did all that nature would allow him to turn the "tide of battle" in his favor. The counters, as heretofore, were of unusual severity, but the blows delivered by Dillon on the ribs, had destroyed the power of his opponent's left-hand deliveries. Cocklin was gradually getting weaker, and on Dillon, in the twenty-seventh round, getting home a right hander on the face, Cocklin went down like a shot. First knock-down for Dillon claimed, and allowed.

28 to 36. The fight was now virtually decided in favor of Dillon, who only had to force the fighting to make a certainty; nevertheless, Cocklin gave him more trouble than was anticipated, for Dillon got his left well home on the chest and jaw; and in the thirty second round back heeled Cocklin heavily. The game fellow came up undauntedly, and pecked whenever he had a chance; but in the thirty-sixth round Dillon fought him to the ropes, and, despite all his exertions, threw him heavily.

27 to 48, and last. It was evident that Cocklin was fighting against nature, and had no chance of either winning or "drawing" the contest, unless darkness, which was fast approaching, should put a stop to the proceedings. During these rounds, it was a great pity that so game a man should have been punished unnecessarily, as, although knocked down and thrown heavily, he came tottering to time without a murmur. At length, in the forty-eighth round, he was thrown a heavy cross-buttock, and was so deaf to time, that his seconds considered it high time to throw up the sponge in token of defeat, and Jem Dillon was declared the winner, after fighting in the two rings 1 hr. 58 min.

REMARKS

The treat afforded to the fortunate few who were present at the above contest, presented a contrast to that afforded the multitude who wended their way to the great affair on the previous week. Although disappointed in the early portion of the day by the interference of the authorities, the arrangements made for the trip were so well carried out, that the last place of call was not disturbed in any shape, except by the unwelcome appearance of the evening twilight. Jem Dillon, who, from his game fight with Dooney Harris in 1860, had the reputation of being one of the gamest of the game, astonished his friends and adherents by his clever fighting, the tactics he put in force when his opponent wished to force a close, being much admired. Owing to several falls over the ropes his loins were hurt, but, although he complained on arriving in town, not a murmer escaped his lips while in the ring. He has not escaped scathless, his mouth being much swollen, his left eye black, and his eyebrow cut deeply, while his left ear is out of shape. The back of his head was so much bruised, in consequence of the right-handers of Cocklin going too far round, that he was obliged to wear his hat rather on one side, which made him appear a little knowing. Young Cocklin had the reputation of a glutton, from his previous contest with Lennard, but his present game efforts have "out Heroded Herod;" and it is believed, had he been a few pounds heavier, the result might have been reversed. His backers are so well satisfied with Cocklin that they intend making a fresh match for him as soon as he recovers from the effects of this encounter. On arriving in town, his left eye was completely "up," the same side of the face being extremely swollen, and he complained much of his side. A ride by steamboat in the dark, and a journey by rail brought the *voyageurs* safely to the metropolis, highly delighted with the treat afforded them, all agreeing that the affair was a model mill.

SMART FIGHT BETWEEN TWO NOVICES, AT YORK.—During the week ending Jan. 4, the gossiping portion of the dreamy, peaceful inhabitants of the city of York were somewhat startled by being informed (*sub rosa*) that a real prize fight was fixed to take place in the vicinity of their city; and on the Monday morning they were equally surprised on learning that it had come off. The two candidates for the P. R honors were Eddy Carney and Freddy Harper, the former a son of fair Erin, and the other, it is said, has always vegetated in York. Freddy was a little over 10st, while the Emeralder had the advantage in weight of about a stone. Both were amateurs in the fistic art, but from the spirit exhibited on Monday, they bid fair to become rivals of others with more famous names. A match having been negotiated, the men went into training, and the day for the encounter being fixed, and the necessary preliminaries arranged, a piece of verdant turf, pleasantly situate on the right bank of the Ouse, near Naburn Lock, was chosen as the scene of action. Of course the "blues" were on the alert to gain information of their whereabouts, but, judging from the fact that none ventured near during the progress of the fight, it is presumed they failed in gleaning the necessary intelligence; in fact, the *locale* was kept snug until the last moment, and it was only "early in the morning" that the extra landing of the steam packet, and the flitting to and fro of a few pedestrians, gave any signs of there being an event of more than ordinary importance on the *tapis* in that direction. The *cognoscenti*, with a large sprinkling of "roughs," arrived on the ground about half-past eight in the morning, and, after about half an hour had been uselessly wasted in settling matters that experience would teach ought to have been arranged elsewhere, the lads stripped. Harper showed a beautiful development of compast muscle, and seemed in tolerably good condition, while Carney, besides being taller and heavier than his antagonist, possessed rather an appalling length of arm. For the first two rounds both fought cautiously, each evidently feeling his way, although neither of them were destined to see very clearly before the fight was over. A smasher over the nasal organ gave first blood for Freddy; and this, followed in the next round by a terrific left-hander over the Irishman's left optic, cutting it severely, gave the odds in favor of the "Yorkist." The Irishman, however, like a second Sayers, came up smiling to his work, and his "long shots" from his left soon told visibly on Freddy's frontispiece. The latter punished his man very much in close quarters, but he got fearfully mauled from the clear hitting of Carney. An immense deal of punishing took place, and after a fight of about three-quarters of an hour, Freddy gave in, acknowledging that he was knocked out of time.

MILL FOR £10 IN THE HOME CIRCUIT.—On Thursday, Jan. 16, William Green and George Todd, a couple of novices, met in the home circuit to settle a difference after the true pugilistic fashion, by trying conclusions in the roped arena, each having staked a "fiver" on the result. As soon as a convenient spot could be found, no time was lost in getting the men together. Both were *green* 'uns, this being their first appearance within the ropes and stakes. William Green is twenty-seven years of age, 5 feet 3 in. in height, and about 8st 9lb in weight. George Todd is twenty-four years of age, 5 feet 4 in. high, and weighs 8st 7lb. W. Hannant and Jemmy Keefe seconded Green, Todd receiving the services of Tommy Newton, and the late *Spider's first opponent*. The battle was a very one sided affair, as Green took a decided lead from the first, notwithstanding Todd gained first blood in the first round; after which, in almost every round, Green fought Todd down. In the eleventh he sent him to grass, by a flush hit on the mouth, and again in the twenty fourth. In the thirty-fourth, Todd was served the same soup. At length, after fighting thirty eight rounds in thirty-four minutes, the sponge was thrown up in token of Todd's defeat. Both lads are game and resolute, but will not shine as luminaries in the P. R.

RESOLUTE FIGHT NEAR SHEFFIELD.—The lovers of the manly art in the neighborhood of Sheffield, had a rich treat on Wednesday, Jan. 15, two lads named George Bunting, *alias* Redman, and Johnny Walder, having agreed to settle their differences in a pugilistic encounter. Walder, in consequence of being more than a stone the heavier man, staked £6 to £4. They fought without flinching, "give and take" being the order of the day, and after mutually delighting themselves with a full share of punishment, in the last round of which poor Walder could not see his opponent, Bunting was declared the winner, after fighting 3 hours and 46 min. Bunting's performance left an impression on the bystanders that there may be something good in store for him, which he may yet pull off. By pursuing a line of good conduct, he may some day do what will recompense him for this game and resolute fight, the smallness of the stakes being quite inadequate to his deserts on that occasion.

DUNN AND MULLINS.—These Birmingham men met on Monday, Jan. 13, to contend at catch-weight, for £5 a side. The Cock, at Rubery Hill, Worcestershire, was appointed for the place of meeting, but the police were in attendance. A move was made at once for Cannock Green, Staffordshire, where the ring was pitched, into which the men and their seconds lost no time in entering. The betting was 6 to 4 on Mullins, who was the longest in reach, and heaviest by a stone in weight. After contending 1h. 48min. (the fighting all in favor of Dunn, who, although he showed signs of weakness, was not much punished) Mullins had his left ogle closed, and the right one damaged, and showed severe punishment, when the blues again made their appearance, and there was no chance of bringing it off that day. The referree ordered the men to meet the next morning. Dunn put in an appearance, but Mullins not showing, the referee decided that Dunn was the winner.

MILL AT GREAT YARMOUTH.—On Monday, Jan. 13, a set-to took place near Great Yarmouth, between Foxall and Chambers, two local men. Some betting took place on the affair, Foxall being the favorite. After a fight, sustained with dogged pertinacity for thirty-four rounds, the referee decided that Foxall had struck a foul blow, and that he was consequently put "out of court." Up to this time Foxall was still the favorite. Chambers, the victor, is familiarly known in the town by the not unloving *soubriquet* of "Ducky."

OFF-HAND MILL AT MISSON, NEAR BAWTRY, NOTTINGHAM.—A fight came off on Monday, Jan. 13, between Ted Marrison (Bawtry Champion) and Tom Farkin, (Misson Champion) for £2 a side. Both combatants were novices, although good and determined men. After fighting twenty-five rounds in one hour, Marrison was declared the victor, much to the chagrin of the Missonites.

BOB TRAVERS' TESTIMONIAL.—The subscription towards a belt to be presented to Bob Travers on his retirement from the ring, is progressing very favorably. One hundred and thirty-five dollars had already been subscribed, at last advices.

JACK ROOKE'S BENEFIT.—Jack, the antagonist of Bob Brettle in their recent fight, took a benefit on Thursday, Jan. 16, in the Midland Counties' Concert Hall, Spiceal street, Birmingham, when there was a goodly attendance to witness the different tourneys. The facetious "Indeman," dressed in white guernsey and drawers, acted as M C. Young Kenny and Chaney opened the ball. In the first bout, Chaney delivered some rapid upper-cuts, and in the second bout, merry and heavy exchanges took place. It was hard slogging to the end of the third meeting, and the fourth was hard hammering, and continued after the bell had rung for the curtain to fall. Sid Jennings and a soldier were amusingly introduced by the M.C, and a more ludicrous affair could be scarcely witnessed, from the way in which the military individual used both hands. They had three "meetings," and were loudly cheered at the close. Young Holden, of Walsall, and David Blount, of Handsworth, had four meetings, in which a display of good sparring was shown by each. Old George Holden, of Walsall, and Hammer Lane showed a good specimen of the old school sparring, and at the close, Lane went round with his hat, and, it is believed, was well satisfied with the result. Peter Morris and Jem Fox had four meetings, and were loudly cheered at the finish. Sid Jennings and Jacko, the Derbyshire Slasher, had three rounds, hard hitting being the order of the day, and they were vociferously cheered at the close. Gallat Harding and Mike McCabe, Mat Collinson's Novice, had four merry meetings, in which some very clever sparring was exhibited, and they were loudly applauded throughout. Cooke and Fellowes, the latter, although suffering from recent illness, came to oblige, according to promise. These lads used their mawleys well, and received an ovation. Harry Taylor and the Shoeblack had a short bout, in which some good exchanges took place; after which Jack Rooke and Joe Goss wound up, amidst a noisy controversy between the partisans of Brettle and Rooke, as to whether they should increase the stakes or make a fresh bet.

PEDESTRIANISM.

RACE FOR THE TEN MILES CHAMPION'S CUP.

No less than 2,000 persons assembled at Hackney Wick on Monday, Jan. 6, to witness the contest for the ten miles champion's cup. This splendid trophy has been held successively by Cooke, Pudney, Rowan, White, and lastly, by Deerfoot, the Indian. The terms upon which the cup is held are—that the winner shall retain it for *eighteen months against all comers*, and should he be, during that time, unchallenged or undefeated, the cup to become his *private property*. Deerfoot, who beat Mills and White for it, was immediately challenged by Pudney, who forfeited. The gauntlet was then thrown down by Barker, who, in his turn, had to succumb to the prowess of the "Seneca Boy." This led to several men of minor note issuing challenges to the Indian, thinking, thereby, to obtain a large share of "gate money." This, combined with the fact that Deerfoot's stay in this country is limited to a period too short to constitute him the permanent holder of the cup, rendered it imperative upon him to return it to Mr. Baum, who announced that he would again put it up for competition, open to all, and would add the sum of £25, to go to the winner. To exclude "outsiders" from the contest, the entrance sum was fixed at £1, to go to the second man, and four entered their names to run, viz:—Teddy Mills, S. Barker, J. Brighton, and W Jones. At half-past three o'clock the men entered the course with one attendant each, Jesse Smith waiting on Teddy, while Cook looked after the interests of Jones, Corkey on Barker, and a friend on Brighton. Having taken their preliminary canters, Price marshalled them to the scratch, and, having told them they would have to run 67 laps and 180 yards, he despatched them on their journey at twenty five minutes past three. On getting the signal, little Mills dashed to the fore, Brighton taking second place, followed by Barker, a yard separating each. In this order they ran until entering the third lap, when Jones ran into the third place, Barker complaining to his attendant that his leg had given way. In the succeeding lap Brighton passed Mills, and carried on the running at an increased pace, and on the finish of the fifth round Mills was last. Thus they ran until the finish of the first mile, which was done in 4 min. 49 sec. In the next lap, coming down the straight run, Barker was compelled to pull up, and resign the contest, the sinews of his left leg being much swollen and discolored. Immediately upon this, Teddy went to the front, Brighton going on second, and for three laps no change took place in their relative positions; but at the finish of the eleventh lap, Brighton passed Mills, and Jones came to Teddy's shoulder, and they ran thus for a lap, but during the thirteenth Jones took second place, Mills lying third. While rounding the Pagoda turn, in the fourteenth lap, Mills shot ahead like an arrow, and at the finish of the lap showed the way by a dozen yards, Brighton second, a yard in advance of Jones. The two miles were completed in 10 min. 4 sec. Mills held the lead until rounding the top turn in the twentieth lap, when Brighton put on a spurt and challenged for the lead, which in a few strides he obtained and led to the end of the lap. Here again Teddy took first position, and maintained it to the end of the third mile, which was completed in 15 min. 24 sec. Going up the back stretch in the twenty-third lap, Brighton took up the running, followed by Jones, and in this order they ran until entering the straight run in the twenty-seventh lap, when "Young England" put on a tremendous spurt, and forced the running at such a pace as soon to leave a gap of thirty yards between him and Brighton, who was leading Jones by a couple of yards. Four miles were run in 20 min. 55 sec. During the three next laps the rear men gradually closed upon their leader, and they all passed the post at the end of the thirty-second lap in a cluster. Going up the hill in the next lap, Brighton went to the fore, followed closely by Jones, little Mills about two yards in the rear. They ran thus until the finish of the fifth mile, which was done in 26 min. 14 sec. On coming into the straight, in the thirty-seventh lap, Mills put on another of his pretty spurts, came away, and led by twenty yards. This completely stalled off Jones, who pulled up and left the course, accompanied by his backer, Mr. Roberts. During the next six laps, Brighton gallantly struggled on, and reduced the distance between himself and Mills, until, on passing the reserved seats in the forty-third lap, he gave Mills the go-by, and led the way for the next two laps, when Teddy again took up the running, but only for one lap, for Brighton in the forty-sixth dashed past him, as strong as at starting. On finishing the forty-seventh lap, little Teddy pulled up, being run out for want of practice, and left Brighton all alone in his glory to finish the remainder of the distance at his leisure. The six miles were run in 31 min. 35 sec.

JEM MACE (CHAMPION OF ENGLAND) AND R. TRAVERS (THE BLACK).—On Monday, Jan. 13, fully 1,500 persons assembled at Hackney Wick, to witness the two miles race between the above celebrities of the P. R., Mace staking the odds of £50 to £20. The present is by no means the first time the Champion has contended for supremacy in the nerve-testing race; indeed, by those who had witnessed his previous efforts, it was confidently stated Jem's capabilities as a pedestrian were far above mediocrity. Travers, like the Champion, is one of the leading members of the Ring, and, as is well known, a gamer or more determined boxer never stepped within the ropes, although we believe the present is the first time he has figured as a competitor in the pedestrian arena. The match, as may be imagined, produced an extraordinary interest among the patrons of the Ring, and at this re-union were assembled those "old familiars" and the leading spirits of the day who are noted for the prominent and active part they take in pugilistic matters. The weather was all that could be desired, while the course was in admirable condition. The race had been fixed for four o'clock, and some few minutes after the hour specified the competitors came on the ground. Travers, under the care of Charles Jenkinson (the once famed London Stag) took his "breathings" at Mr. John Garratt's, Wandsworth, and no man could have been in more admirable fettle. Mace, as is well known, is now in training for his forthcoming contest with Tom King for the Belt, and in condition was all that the most critical could desire. In betting, the Champion was the favorite at 2 to 1, the needful being speculated to a heavy amount, the partisans of Bob evincing a decided disposition to "put it on." The pedestrians had to make the circuit of the course seven times, and having, under the superintendence of W. Price, the presiding M.C., been conducted to the starting mark, the appointed signal was given. On dashing off, the lead was taken by Travers, who went bounding along with a style and action which entirely astonished the spectators, who were totally unprepared for a display of such unexpected excellence. Mace was some two or three yards in the rear, and if Travers was admired, Jem also met with well-merited praise. As the competitors came dashing round the bend of the course to enter the straight in the second lap, Mace challenged his opponent, and in a rattling spurt so improved his position as to close up the *status*, the men as they passed the goal to enter the third lap being all but neck and neck. Having attained this much, the Champion, who was now running quite within himself, did not attempt to take the lead, but again fell into the rear, Travers heading his opponent by some four yards. In this position they ran without the least variation until again entering the straight in the sixth lap. Mace now in real earnest challenged his competitor for the "pride of place." Bob was by no means slow to respond, but, on the contrary, knowing full well that the "tug of war" had now come, concentrated all his energy to make the grand final effort, on the success of which either depended victory or defeat. Although Bob strove in the most valiant and strenuous manner to maintain his advantage, he was not to have his efforts crowned with success, for Mace rapidly closed on him, and in the finish of the lap the competitors passed all but breast to breast. They had now commenced the seventh lap (the last), and as they went along it was apparent that the Champion had got the race safe. He now kept leaving Travers at every succeeding stride more and more in the rear, and finished an easy winner, the mile being covered by Mace in 5min. 13⅗sec., and there can be no disputing Jem could have greatly improved on this performance had it been required.

Prior to the above event there was a quarter of a mile handicap, the first man a silver cup, second a portrait of Mace, third receiving one of Bob Travers, which, in the final heat, was won by E. Mills, of Bethnal Green, 10 yards start; Golder, 30, second; Shepherd, 22, third, and so concluded the doings, the whole passing off in the most satisfactory manner.

THE TRIGGER.

GREAT PIGEON MATCH BETWEEN RENWICK AND BROWN, FOR £200.—On Jan. 15th and 16th, a very good gathering was at the grounds of Mr. Hayes, near Manchester, to witness the match between Wm. Renwick and J. Brown, *alias* Robson, respectively of Newcastle. The conditions were—to shoot at fifty birds each day, for £100 a side, Renwick to use 2oz of shot, and Brown any quantity he thought proper; 21 yards rise, and 80 fall. Mr. Holden, of Manchester, was stakeholder, and Mr. Bleasdale, of Oldham, referee. As the competitors were about to handle the "tubes," the betting was 6 to 4 on Renwick. The birds which were first class, being supplied by Mr. Hayes, for Brown, whilst Mr. Redfern found flyers for Renwick. On Wednesday morning, precisely at eleven, A. M., the weather being rather misty and quite calm, Brown opened the ball by killing his first seven; he then missed one, killed nine in succession, missed two, killed one, missed one, killed the next eight, missed another, killed five, missed the next two, killed seven more, missed one, and killed the next five. Total killed, forty-two out of fifty. Renwick now commenced operations by killing his first six; he then missed one, killed one, missed the next two, killed seven, missed one, killed two more, missed one, killed four, missed two, killed *fourteen* in succession, missed one, and killed the next eight. Total, forty two out of fifty. This, of course, brought the first day's sport to a tie.

Second Day.—The weather was much finer, with a little wind, the betting being 5 to 4 on Renwick, who opened the ball by killing five; he then missed one, killed three, missed one, killed two, missed one, killed five, missed another, killed four, missed one, killed three, missed two, killed four, missed one, killed three, missed one, killed two, missed the next three in succession, killed one, missed one, killed the next four, and missed the last bird; total, thirty-six out of fifty. Brown killed his first six, missed one, killed four, missed one, killed four, missed one, killed one, missed one, killed one, killed *nineteen* in succession, missed one, killed one, missed one, killed one, missed another, killed five, missed one, and killed his last; total, forty-two out of fifty. Brown thus won the match by six birds. Score:—

FIRST DAY (WEDNESDAY)

Brown.—1111111011111111001011111111011 1110011111101111—Total, 42.

SECOND DAY (THURSDAY)

Brown.—1111111011101101111111111111111 1111101010111101—Total, 42

FIRST DAY.

Renwick.—1111110100111111011101111001111 1111111111011111111—Total, 42.

SECOND DAY.

Renwick.—1111101110110111101111011100111 1 0111011000101111O—Total, 36.

INTERESTING DOMINO CONTEST BETWEEN TWO BLIND MEN.—This match came off on Monday, Jan. 8, at Mr. Wilson's, Spotted Dog, Strand, between Bishop of Sheffield, the most celebrated player in England, and Mr. C., a well known tradesman in Drury-lane. It was the best of 11 games, and the countryman won six games out of the eight played, but the close and excellent character of the contest is shown by stating that out of the 67 chalks scored, the "old un" marked 30 to his opponent's 37. It was not only interesting, but something astonishing to witness the quickness shown by both, more especially Mr. C., who is upwards of 70 years of age. Both were cordially congratulated on the skill displayed.

BILLIARDS.

ANOTHER BILLIARD ENTERTAINMENT.—A "meet" of the principal billiard players of this city, occurred at the Saloon of Captain Reeves, No 214 Broadway, on the evening of the 30th ult. The first set to was between the veteran Phelan, and the more youthful "star" Dudley Kavanagh, now matched against Foley of Cleveland. This cue-rious encounter proved to be a gem, both of them trying their prettiest, and pretty shots and long counts were the order of the evening. In this last respect, Mr. Phelan carried off the palm, scoring 139 and 112 in two separate "runs—Kavanagh's maximum being 120 and 78. Phelan won by 56 points in the game of 500. A close thing, indeed, and at times, intensely exciting. Benjamin and Geary next played with the balls, in a neat little trial of 150 points, Geary reaching the winning goal 42 points ahead. The concluding display, between Kavanagh and Stone, was won by the former. These are excellent opportunities for amateurs and novices to see the big guns play, and to learn a wrinkle or two; therefore we hope there will be a good muster to witness—on Thursday evening, 6th inst.,—their performances at Tom Stone's, another of the veterans, at "The Enterprise Saloon," corner of 29th street and Broadway, which has recently been refitted with a set of Phelan's superior tables.

YOUNG DERBY.—The billiard world will be pleased to learn that this rising young player, who recently met with defeat at the hands of Tieman, in Cincinnati, is now in New York, and engaged permanently, in showing "how it is done," with the ivory spheres, at Chris. Connor's Saloon de Parisienne, in 14th street, between Broadway and Fourth avenue. We know the spot exactly, because we were there last week, and got our carom game knocked higher than a kite, by D. Leavitt, Jr., the leading player of Great Barrington, Mass. He wields a nasty cue, he does.

FIGHTING THE TIGER AGAIN.—A descent was made upon the gambling house of Dad Cunningham, 575 Broadway, on the evening of the 29th ult., in accordance with orders emanating from "head quarters." There was quite a full house at the time, but the "pickets," instead of being driven in, were captured by the enemy, and thus prevented from giving the alarm; so the blues marched right upon the "gay gambullers" before it was known that the Philistines were upon them. Resistance was useless, so the entire force of the "Tigers" were captured, with a quantity of ammunition, and materials for carrying on the war, including three tables, one chair, one bench, one dealing box, six packs of cards, one table cover, two sets of faro checks, one set of bluff checks, one set of "lay-out" checks, one cue-box, one check box, one check-rake, and $5 42 in cash. Forty persons were arrested, and on the 30th the whole party were taken before Justice Kelly, at Jefferson Market, when they gave in their names and occupations as follows, and were disposed of as herein mentioned:—Daniel Cunningham (the proprietor), gilder, committed for examination; John Kennedy, no occupation; George Franklin, barkeeper; Henry Thompson, clerk; Wm. Lockwood, bookbinder; Wm Vosburgh, boatman; Richard Barry, butcher; Charles Townsend, clerk; John Marshall, "drummer," or decoy; Benjamin Hack, engineer; John Kelly, broker; Charles Painter, brass-finisher; William Forbes, alias Foster, shoemaker; and James Turner, cooper—all held to bail in $100 each to answer. John Thompson, clerk; George Spencer, clerk; John O'Brien (the man at the door), stone-cutter; Charles Mitchell, actor; Richard Donald, hotel-keeper; Albert W. Walton, clerk; Martin Frink, alias Theodore Allen, butcher; Albert Rousseau, moulder; Edward Valentine, mechanic; Peter Ferris, liquor dealer; Robert Watson, butcher; Paul James, no occupation; C. S. Archer; John McCarty, peddler; Edmund Fox, glass-cutter; John Fraser, no occupation; Charles Pelham, ship carpenter; John Taylor, broker; Lewis Martin, butcher; John McCormick, butcher; Edward Parmlee, bartender; John Hamilton, mason; Henry Johnson, speculator; Thomas Collins

SPORTS! SPORTS!

EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!

NEW YORK CLIPPER,

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SKETCHES OF LONDON.

LONDON LIFE AND LONDON SPORTSMEN.

BY NED JAMES,

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER FIVE.

CONTINUED.

GENERAL POST OFFICE.

Having to post several letters and papers, on Monday afternoon October 14th, I took my map, made out a diagram of the streets on card board, and sallied forth until reaching St. Martin's-le-Grand, in which street, close to St. Paul's, is located the General Post Office, a substantial edifice 400 feet in length, consisting of a centre and two wings. The portico is supported by eight massive pillars, and to enter the main hall two sets of steps have to be travelled over; on each side this hall are the various offices for posting letters and newspapers, with a kind of sentry-box containing a man in uniform, whose business it is to give information. On a large board were pasted a list of letters addressed to parties through the Post-Office—a miserable system compared to that excellent New York institution of advertising uncalled-for letters once a week in two daily papers. Any one could afford to buy a penny paper once a week, while it is anything but pleasant to go ten or eleven miles every week to look without actually expecting a letter—the bulletins are never kept up more than a week, and consequently millions of letters are lost every year through neglecting to advertise all remaining letters once a week, at least, in every city and town of the country, in the paper possessing the largest circulation: in a recent post office report it appears there was over a hundred thousand letters passed to the dead-letter office in 1861 *without any direction on the envelope!* showing a very peculiar characteristic of English letter writers. A substantial iron railing surrounds the General Post-Office, and the hall is quite a thoroughfare, cutting off considerable distance by passing from one street to another through the same.

In Newgate street, the first street to the right of St. Paul's, running in the same line as the Strand, is situated Christ's Hospital, or the BLUE COAT SCHOOL, founded in 1553 as a hospital for fatherless children. The present edifice was built in 1803, partly on the old London Wall and partly on the foundation of a monastery. The pupils' dresses are very odd—a blue coat reaching almost to the heels, yellow petticoat, yellow stockings, a clergyman's band around the neck, and the head bare! There is considerable trouble in getting in, and on account of the excellent education to be had, many of the scholars are scions of wealthy stock, *who are distinguished by long hair*—the sons of poor tradesmen having their heads cropped *a la* Jack Sheppard, which is a burning disgrace to the purpose the school was designed for. My authority for this statement is Mr. William Saw, an old acquaintance and brother-actor of Davidge, the very popular comedian, whom all New Yorkers know well. Mr. Davidge received his education in the London Blue Coat School, and will call to mind his old friend, William Saw, the bookbinder, if this should meet his eye—but the change he may not be aware of.

Leading from the end of Newgate street is the "Old Bailey" or NEWGATE PRISON, the oldest in London, being commenced in 1770. In the portion adjoining Newgate street are the condemned cells, in which persons under sentence of death are confined, but they are executed publicly in Old Bailey. Numbers of streets are merely known by the name without the addition of "street," as Old Bailey, Old Jury, etc. This prison is more dreaded than all the others put together, and is really a sepulchral-looking place. Executions take place in public here, but whether in all I was not informed. The Horsemonger Lane Jail, in Southwark, is where Mendoza was imprisoned when he contracted the disease that carried him to his grave.

Old Bailey leads into Ludgate Hill, and from here it is tolerably regular to the Strand, where I brought up in the evening at LACY'S Theatrical Portrait Gallery, and spent a couple of hours examining their large assortment, and bringing away portraits of some of the most popular artists with me, including "cards" of Fechter, C. Matthews, Julia Daly, Matilda Heron, Barry Sullivan, the Boucicaults, Mr. & Mrs. Keeley, Blondin, Leotard, Chas. Kean, Sims Reeves, and a few others. As specimens of the art, they are unequal to Fredericks', of Broadway, and whereas they charge only a shilling, in London worse pictures go off readily at eighteen pence. As a general thing, photographs are very expensive, and if you want a "card" pattern, half-a-crown, or five York shillings, is the lowest figure. I always had a weakness of comparing New York with London, because many have tried to persuade me into believing everything was cheaper, and although at first it does seem so, when one comes to double every shilling in order to get at the American value, it turns out "a horse of another color." As in the barber business, there is still room for much improvement, and any little capitalist with a little enterprise might make a big thing by taking their half-crown portraits for sixpence, as many places in New York do when a dozen are ordered. I call upon my friend of the "Bowery Gallery," or Young Gladding, to report this fact to headquarters. On my way home I called in at the "Spotted Dog," (opposite *Bell's Life*) where all the "foighters" meet once a week for match-making, etc.: it is kept by Mr. Wilson, and Friday afternoon is the proper time to see the sporting fraternity *en masse*.

JEM WARD, THE PAINTER PUGILIST.

As all visitors to London, rich and poor, lords and peasants, never miss the opportunity of having a chat with "the best man ever England produced," I engineered my way through Lombard street, Fenchurch, Aldgate, and High streets, into Whitechapel, where the ex-Champion's name on a handsome stained lamp, serves to beckon the thirsty traveller to "walk in and feel comfortable." There was nothing out-of-the-way on the route, until coming to High street, a great mart for slaughter houses and butcher shops—here may be seen one room for the store (with a ruddy, full-blown "John," in his blue smock frock all over needle-work, thick brogues, and a "steel" dangling at his side,) and right back of it the killing shop, which is plainly visible on passing the stalls; probably, however, when out of stock, the butcher merely requests his customer to sit down for a moment while he kills some meat, and if so, the custom isn't a bad one, because there is not so much "dubious" veal, etc., floating about, and little danger of purchasing diseased meat, horses tongues, and the like, for the genuine article. Instead of baskets, the butcher boys have a scolloped board for toting animal food around, pictures of which you all have seen in English comic literature. When I reached the "King's Arms," Mr. Ward was not in, but his good lady escorted me to the Parlor until he should arrive. In the Parlor hangs a magnificent life-size oil painting of the Black Diamond, from which those excellent steel engravings were taken that some of the CLIPPER readers must have seen; Tom Prendergast has one framed in his snuggery in Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, and that picture is worth a special visit; underneath will be found the artist's own handwriting, dedicating the gem to Sir Dan Bryant. Just previous to sailing for London, in company with friend Saxe, I made a special journey to the King Pin Warbler's Shades on purpose to inspect his Gallery, and you all had the benefit of my observations, and I have also crossed the broad Atlantic to find new material to interest the whole-souled patrons of the Queen's craft—not Vic, mind you, nor any connection with the other Queen. It really does seem strange to find me without a single acquaintance in all London, diving right into the heart of this big village, without the slightest feeling of danger. That I have been sadly imposed on at times is true enough, but never by the rough element—at least, "not as I knows on." There is nothing like adapting one's self to surrounding circumstances, provided the glass isn't put to the lip once too often, and unless that passion can be kept under control, people have no right to travel. "But hold your horses, Ned!" here comes the extraordinary man himself, attired in a loose rag'an, with a beaver set on one side his headpiece in a very dashing manner—"and who's the little 'un with him?" "Charley Lynch by the Holy!"—as George Boniface would say—and such a swell, with his tight brown pants, seals, a coat, and glossy castor. "*Why, Ned, how are you?* where did you come from, and what brought you here?" "Charley, old boy! how goes it with yourself?" "How's Burns, Roche, Collins, Macarty, and all the Fourth Ward boys?" We both kept asking questions in this way without either one answering from the astonishment at meeting so curiously, until Jem demanded an explanation. Charley then told him I was a brother American, "one of the boys," and all that sort of thing—all of which I blushingly listened to until he piled on too thick, when I hinted "Walker" was around, and begged for an introduction to "the last of his race." "Mr. Ward—Ned James;" "Mr. James—Jem Ward;" and two hands were never grasped with greater enthusiasm, for anybody from America is treated like a king in Jem's house, and the best is not good enough for him. Nothing would do but the "missus" must also be made acquainted, and the sprightly Mrs. Ward gave me a regular masonic grip, almost dislocating the small joints of my hand. Charley mentioned they had just been to see a man hung, the reason being that Jem thought he used to employ the unfortunate some years ago; it was not the same, however. The afternoon was agreeably passed in conversation about America, and Mr. Ward expressed his great regret at the unhappy condition of our country, but was heart and soul for the Union, inseparable at all hazards! Instead of arbitration, Jem would make "J. D." and Fred Douglass settle it by a good mill; not a bad idea, for both are as well out of the world as in it, and a d——d sight better in my estimation. (Excuse the expletive—I'm excited.) Jem is even now more active than many of the youngsters, while there is nobody of his years able to touch him. He says he feels almost as young as in his fighting days, but by the time you get this he will have turned 61—having been born on Christmas Day, in the year 1800. Venerable old Pugil! the only drawback to his happiness is a desire to visit America, which should he ever do, none will give him a heartier welcome than you, Mr. Queen, and I impressed the fact indelibly on his mind. There are none of the present day to be compared with the Diamond in his best days; it was around Mr. Ward's loins that King George IV. buckled a royal belt of black velvet, with massive gold letters, "Champion of England," attached thereon, after his fight with Tom Cannon. The king also granted Jem a pension while he lived, to show his admiration of our hero's prowess. George the Fourth was a regular muscleman, and as an instance of his "gait," the following little *morceaux* will not be amiss here:—At a fashionable ball, many years ago, "George" took a fancy to a certain lass of extraordinary beauty; her beau being of a jealous disposition wasn't slow to notice the fact, and as "George" insisted on dancing with "the best of her sex," while that lady's protector wouldn't hear of it, a quarrel ensued; nothing loth, "George" and the insulted one got in a jolly good fight, resulting in "George" being badly thrashed. The king himself was considered fast with his fives, and was so pleased with his opponent's science and the beating he got, that he bestowed £500 a year on the victor, in addition to presenting him with a handsome belt! Bully for "George!" I did intend cutting my narrative short by introducing the article from the London *Spectator*, of August 17, but in the CLIPPER, of December 7th, you have stole a march on me; however, there's no harm done, and I will tell of other things. Mr. Ward showed me his studio and his two belts for defeating Simon Byrne and Tom Cannon, and would have exhibited his International Fight painting but that a gentleman in Liverpool had it; still I live in hopes of seeing Newbold's rival. The mill between Phil Sampson and Jem Burn, so graphically described in the same issue, calls to mind the Black Diamond's doings, for he beat Phil Sampson twice, in an hour and twenty-five minutes! All three of these heroes are living, Ward and Burn in London, and Sampson in Liverpool, or was, not long since—also Jack Langan's son, who keeps a house in the same place. An anecdote is told of Ward when garroting was fashionable. Two powerful bludgeoners tackled him for his wallet one night, but not striking the right pocket, Jem requested them to let go one of his arms and he would give it them without further trouble, but no sooner was the Champion's right arm at liberty than he up and did "give it them" with a vengeance, laying both out for dead in short order: not bad for an old man of sixty! Legend has it, that none of the boxers could find Jem's head, for the moment a blow was coming, the veteran would lay his canister aside on one shoulder and let it slide, at the same time meeting his man with a ferocious cross-counter; his nob remains slightly one-sided to this day. Mr Ward has a beautiful and accomplished daughter, of whom more anon. I cannot finish this little talk about the painter-pugilist better than by introducing the following minute and correct summary never before published in *extenso*, as a comparison with the present race of boxers: read, and give honor to whom honor belongs:—

JAMES WARD,

EX-CHAMPION OF ENGLAND,

BORN DECEMBER 25, 1800. WEIGHT, 12 st. 7lb.

Beat George Robinson, £20, 45m, at Stepney Fields, May 6, 1816.
Beat Bill Wall, £20, 2 hrs, at Limehouse Fields, June 18, 1816.
Beat Joe Webb, £30, 1 hr 5m, at Limehouse Fields, July 27, 1817.
Beat Jack Murray, £30, 40m, at Dockhill, Shadwell, Feb. 12, 1819.
Beat Nick Murphy, £20, 35m, at Barking, Essex, July 4, 1819.
Beat Mike Hayes, £30, 40m, at Isle of Dogs, Sept. 29, 1820.
Beat John Delaney, €50, 30m, at Bow Common, October, 1820.
Beat Acton, £50, 14¼m. 6r, at Mousey, June 12, 1822.
Beat Burke, brother to Wolwich Burke, £20, 7m, at Harpenden, Sept. 10, 1822.
Draw with Abbott, 1822.
Beat Ned Baldwin, £30, 19m, 20r, Wimbledon, Feb. 4, 1823.
Beat Rickers, £120, 15m, 8r, Landsdowne, July 4, 1823.
Beat Johnson, £50, 18m, 8r, Southampton, Aug. 20, 1823.
Beaten by Josh Hudson.
Beat Phil Sampson, £200, 48m, 25r, Colnebrook, June 21, 1824.
Beat Phil Sampson, £200, 37m, 27r, Park Lodge, Dec. 28, 1824.
Beaten by Peter Crawley.
Beat Tom Cannon, £1000, 10m, 10r, Warwick, July 19, 1825.
Beat Jack Carter, £100, 32m, 16r, Shepperton Range, May 27, 1828.
Beat Simon Byrne, £400, 77m, 33r, Willycutts, July 12, 1831.

A Champion's Belt was given to Ward in 1825, and also one in 1831.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS BOOKS FOR SALE.—We have for sale the following Chess works, which we will forward *post paid* at the prices named:—CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT, 18mo. pp. 216, edited by Miron J. Hazeltine, Esq., 75 cents. BRADLE'S DIME CHESS INSTRUCTOR, pp. 80, by the same, 10 cents. Miron's BLANK DIAGRAMS, $1 per 100. Address CLIPPER OFFICE, 29 Ann street, N. Y."

LOEWENTHAL'S REVIEW OF 1861.

HERR LOEWENTHAL gives us in the columns of the *Era* his customary Annual Review of Chess for the past year; able, as is everything that emanates from his pen. A few points condensed and a few extracts will, we doubt not, be acceptable to our readers. Chess, as compared with all other pastimes and amusements for the past year, has preeminently prospered, winning large advances in the zeal of its old, and in the numbers of its new supporters. The one great feature of [English] Chess, was the Congress at Bristol. The London Chess Club is distinctly and, no doubt, deservedly awarded the palm of zeal in behalf of the good work, and of liberality and energy in promoting its interests. The St. George, however, is very prosperous, and has put forth many spirited and successful efforts to promote the game. The St. James, under the guiding hand of Herr Loewenthal, has grown to be a "Chess Institution." "It offers the greatest advantages to young players who are anxious to improve their knowledge." Ries' "DYAS" is highly complimented. "The Manchester still holds the first place among provincial clubs."

Herr Loewenthal has given in the course of the year, popular lectures upon Chess in several places; amongst others, at the Sussex Hall Literary Institution, and the City of London College for Ladies. He has Chess classes at the Polytechnic, and we would suggest to the very many competent amateurs throughout the country, that they would be doing a good service to the cause of intellectual and moral progress, if they would open classes for teaching Chess at some one of the Mechanics' Institutions in their own neighborhoods. Such an intellectual recreation would be of priceless value to thousands who, now in want of some pleasant way of passing their leisure time, are driven to less innocent resorts.

After sketching Provincial [English] Chess, the reviewer notes the Congress at Dusseldorf, held last autumn, as the most important feature of Continental Chess. "It would be a great advantage for Continental Chess players if this initiative were followed up, and a great benefit for the Chess world if it could be developed into the larger form of an annual European Congress. Chess is a universal language." Of American items *our* readers, at least, are competently posted.

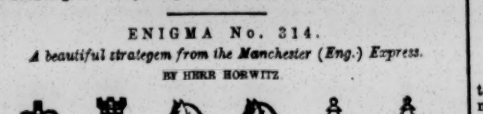
"The literature of Chess has not received many contributions. *The Chess Players' Chronicle* still exists, and numerous weekly journals, as well in town as country, devote a portion of their space to the game. The *Berlin Schachzeitung* pursues its useful course under the joint editorship of Messrs. Lange, Suhli, and Hirschfeld, and a new weekly periodical devoted to Chess, and entitled the *Fontagsblatt*, has made its appearance under the editorship of Max Lange. We have drawn attention before to the *Sissa*, a Chess periodical, published at Amsterdam. In the way of publications having a more permanent intention, we have only two to mention, one, American, the *Chess Instructor*, by Hazletine, a capital book for beginners. The author deserves great credit; his system is excellent. The other, *Concours du Journal la Regence Recueil de Problimes*. It had been arranged that the book of the Bristol Congress should be at once brought out. Some delay has arisen in consequence of the funds having been absorbed in other immediately pressing expenses, but the Committee hope to make arrangements for its immediate issue. We have good literary promise for next year. Captain Kennedy is gathering his admirable Essays from the different periodicals to which he has contributed, and intends to give them to the world in a collected form. We may expect Mr. Wormald's long-promised book, and Mr. Loewenthal has announced his intention to set to work immediately after the General Congress of next year upon the preparation for publication of the Handbook of Openings, on which he has so long been laboring. We may add that care will be taken in the arrangements for next year's Congress, to set apart in the first instance the funds necessary for publishing the book of its interesting proceedings.

And this brings us, after our survey of the past, to the absorbing subject of interest for the next year—the Grand International Congress. This Meeting promises to far surpass in interest that of 1851. For every two players to be found then, we have now ten. We expect the attendance of distinguished Amateurs from all parts of the world, and are not without hope of seeing such illustrious stars as Heydebrand and Jaenisch. Let us trust, too, that Paul Morphy will be present. The matches played this year between Messrs. Anderssen, Paulsen, and Kolisch, have put it beyond all question that no European player can hope to contend with him. He is now the recognized sun of the Chess world, and no man would have a heartier reception than would greet this great player. We have no doubt the Committee charged with the arrangements for the Congress will do everything in their power to secure his attendance, and we cordially hope that we may be able ere long to announce that he has pledged himself to visit us. So the promise for 1862 is great—may the performance not disappoint us."

ENIGMA No. 314.

A beautiful stratagem from the Manchester (Eng.) Express.

BY HERR HORWITZ.



at Q 7, QR 3, Q 3, KB 7, K 2, QR 5th.

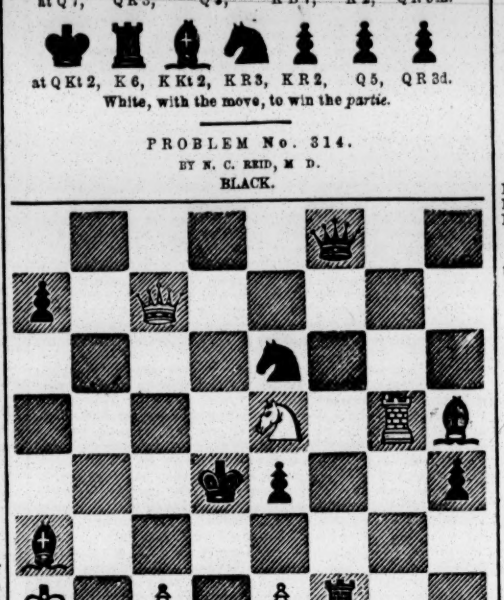
at Q Kt 2, K 6, K Kt 2, KR 3, KR 2, Q 5, QR 3d.

White, with the move, to win the *partie*.

PROBLEM No. 314.

BY N. C. REID, M. D.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

GAME NO. 314.

This entertaining variation upon the ordinary style of playing Chess, called the "Alternation Game," we give, not to exhibit beauties or criticise defects, but merely as a pleasant *bagatelle*, one of the few specimens of a harmless innovation. Messrs. Horner and Lambert, without consulting, play each an alternate move of the Attack, commencing with Mr. H.; Messrs. Delmar and Brenzinger "doing" the Defence. Played at the Brooklyn Chess Club.

KING'S GAMBIT EVADED.

Attack, Messrs. H. & L.	Defence, Messrs. D. & B.	Attack, Messrs. H. & L.	Defence, Messrs. D. & B.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	14. K R to B 2	P to Q B 4
2. P-K B 4	P-Q 4 (a)	15. P-Q R 3	K B-R 4
3. P-Q 4	Q P×P	16. P-Q Kt 3	B 2d P×P
4. B P×P	Q Kt-B 3	17. P-Q Kt 4	P-K 6
5. Q B-K 3	P-K B 4	18. B×K P	Q P×B
6. Q Kt-B 3	K B-Kt 5	19. Q×K P	B-Q Kt 3
7. K B-Kt 5	K Kt-K 2	20. Q-K B 4	Q-her 5
8. K Kt-K 2	K Kt-Q 4	21. Q-K B 3	Q-her 7
9. Q-her 2	Castles	22. Kt-Q R 4	K B-K 6
10. K B×Kt	Kt P×B	23. Kt-his 2	Q B-Q 4
11. Castles	Q B-K 3	24. Q R-Q sq	Q B×Q
12. K Kt-B 4	Kt×K Kt	25. Q R×Q	K B×R+
13. Q B×Kt	Q B-his 5	26. R×K B	B-K 5, wins.

(a) We should have preferred seeing our able contributor, backed by so ingenious a player as on the present occasion, accept and defend the Gambit; albeit, the present move leaves nothing to be desired on the score of an "open" game.

The following is the style in which Mr. Paulsen put Stanley through his exercises at Board No. 9 of his "blindfold" feat at Manchester.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Paulsen.	Stanley.	Paulsen.	Stanley.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	8. Castles	P to K R 3
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	9. Q B-B 4	P-K Kt 4
3. P-Q 4	K P×P	10. P-K 5	Q P×P
4. P-Q B 3	Q 2d P×P	11. Q B×P	Q Kt×B
5. K B-B 4	P-Q 3	12. K Kt×Kt	K R-his 2
6. Q Kt×P	K Kt-B 3	13. K R-K sq, and	
7. Q-her Kt 3	Q-K 2	Mr. Stanley resigns.	

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

NEW YORK, January 22, 1862.

DRAUGHT EDITOR CLIPPER—DEAR SIR:—There is no use that I can see, of any farther controversy with "Spectator" about the Championship. Spayth's card in this week's CLIPPER, proves what I asserted, "that he (Spayth) is not the Draught Champion of America," as he has not yet beaten Bethell. After he has done that, then try Kenyon, of Troy; Littlefield, of Boston; Ciute, of New York; or Drysdale (if he can be prevailed upon to withdraw his resignation of the championship), and if he wins of them, then I will hail him champion as cheerfully as Mr. "Spectator" does now. His being pitted against the English champion is a good joke; "a big thing." Let him win of the players at home first, before going abroad. Yours, &c. EXPRESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AYRSHIRE LASSIE has "stirred up" the boys somewhat. We have received criticisms from numerous correspondents offering to show that the correction of Mr. Spayth's "American Draught Player" is "good for nix." See the following copy of a note from C. A., of Chicago, Ill.:

CHICAGO, Jan. 23, 1862.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—DEAR SIR:—I think you will agree with me that Mr. Mercer's correction of Ayrshire Lassie in CLIPPER of Jan. 28th, is no correction, as Black can win, thus:—

Black,	White,	Black,	White,
27..11 to 16 (a)	6 to 1	33..31 to 26	18 to 22
28..16 20	1 6	34..26 17	21 14
29..20 24	23 19	35..13 17	14 9
30..15 11	6 16	36..17 22	9 6
31..24 27	10 14	37..26 31 Black wins.	
32..27 31	14 18		

(a) I suppose "Express" will still call 15 to 10 a *beautiful* play, and 16 to 11 *unaccountably* stupid. C. A.

Again; "Nobody" discourseth thus:—

Black.	White.
27..11 to 16	6 to 1
28..16 20	1 6
29..20 24	23 19 (Force.)
30..15 11	6 9 or 10
31..24 27	9 or 10 14
32..27 31	14 18
33..31 26	18 23 (A)
34..26 22	21 27
25..22 26	23 30
36..13 22 and wins.	
(A)	
33..	19 15
34..26 22	18 25
35..11 18	15 30
36..18 22	21 17
37..22 18 and wins.	

There are several other variations, but I have given White the advantage of the best. Yours truly, NOBODY.

HARRY LESBURE also forwarded a *win*, but subsequently "reversed his decision" and states in his recantation, that the game can be drawn by White, 27..6 to 2. The "doctors disagree." Let us hear from you.

C. A., Chicago, Ill.—Happy to learn that you like our style. We *shall* continue to "do just so." Your analysis appears. See remarks to "Express."

NOBODY, Philadelphia, Pa.—Do.

HARRY LESBURE, Philadelphia.—As above. Shall be pleased to hear from you.

A. H. MERCER, Wellsville, N. S.—It is with sincere pleasure that we again add your name to our list of correspondents. Ayrshire Lassie appears this week. We think the CLIPPER will be able to hold its own. Eh?

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—See remarks of "C. A." and "Nobody" this week. Also Ayrshire Lassie, by A. H. M. Next week look out for another of the games between Spayth and Bethell.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 41—VOL. IX.

BY THE ED. D. D.

White.		Black.	
1..11	8	3	12
2..9	6	2	9
3..26	16	12	19
4..26	23	19	26
5..31	15, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 61st POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1..11	15	23	30 (a)
2..32	27, and must win.		
	(a		
1..		23	16
2..32	27, and wins.		

WELLSVILLE, N. Y., Jan. 22, 1862.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER: In your issue of this week, I see a correction of Spayth's Ayrshire Lassie, by A. H. M. The draw given admits of no win after the 20th move; but as Mr. Spayth has omitted the compulsory wins for Black, I send the following for your consideration:

GAME NO. 37.—VOL. IX.

THE AYRSHIRE LASSIE.—BY A. H. MERCER.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	24	to 20	13..12	to 19	24	to 6
2.. 8	11	28	24	14.. 9	13	6	1
3.. 4	8	23	19	15.. 2	6	1	10
4..15	18	22	15	16.. 7	14	30	26
5..11	18	32	28	17.. 8	11	26	23
6.. 9	14	26	23	18..11	15 (1)	29	25
7..10	15	19	10	19..15	18 (a)	23	19 (b)
8.. 6	15	23	19	20..13	17	31	26
9.. 5	9	19	10	21..32	27	19	15
10..18	22	25	18	22..27	31	16	23
11..14	32	10	6	23..18	27		
12.. 1	10	20	16		Black wins.		

(a) 3 to 7 instead of 15 to 18, as played by Spayth, is rather tame.

(b) The advantage is apparent, 31 to 27; 28 to 24, equally shows the same fate.

(1)

SPAYTH'S VARIATION.

Black.		White.		
18..28	24	(3) 32	28	
19..23	19 (2)	16	18	
20..24	20	18	23	
21..29	25	14	18	
22..29	16	28	24	
23..19	15	24	19	Black wins.

(2)

AS PLAYED BY A. H. M.

Black.		White.		
19..		31	26	
20..28	19	23	16	Drawn.

(3)

AS PLAYED BY A. H. M.

Black.		White.
18..15	18*	Black wins.

* Will the author of the A. D. P. remember his indebtedness for the winning moves on this game.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
13..15	24	28	19
14..14	18	19	16

BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.		White.—W. S. K.	
16.. 1	6	23	16
17.. 6	10	28	24

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND P. M. HARWICH.

Black—G. M. B.		White—P. M. H.	
1..11	15	23	19
2.. 8	11	26	23

POSITION No. 42.—VOL. IX.

BY THE EDITOR D. D.

Dedicated to Beginners.

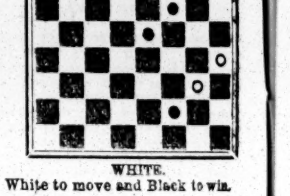
THE 62d POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and Black to win.

☞ Match Games by "Nemo" omitted this week for want of space.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER FORTY-SIX.

GUSTAVUS VAUGHAN BROOKE.

BORN at Dublin, April 25th, 1815. At the age of seven he was placed at the great school of Lovell Edgeworth, at Edgeworthstown. At this school, he was grounded not only in the elementary knowledge of the ancient authors, but was trained in the gymnastic exercises of wrestling, fencing, leaping, and other manly arts. In fencing he had no superior.

From this school he was transferred to Jones'—a preparatory institution to Trinity College, Dublin. Young Brooke was captivated by the plan of debating and declaiming at this school; and, though he would not listen to the tutor in elocution, whose rules he spurned, he carried off eleven prizes at the public examinations. At this period Mr. Macready was performing in Dublin, and the boy, then fourteen years of age, was permitted to attend the theatre. The personations of Mr. Macready fired the ambition of the youthful aspirant for histrionic honors. The boy called on Mr. M., the morning after the performance, and found the "eminent tragedian" just about to proceed to the theatre to rehearse "Rob Roy." However, Mr. Macready received him courteously, and, with a fatherly care, admonished him of the perils, dangers and hardships of the theatrical profession. Gustavus listened with attention, and respectfully retired, but before he was at the foot of the stair-case he determined to follow his own ambitious counsels, and to play at all hazards. Accordingly, he called on Mr. J. W. Calcroft, manager of the Theatre Royal. He was kindly, but poorly received, until, with boyish impetuosity and confidence, he exclaimed "Please to hear me, sir, and then judge." He then commenced the recitation of

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again."

from Knowles' "William Tell."

Mr. Calcroft was surprised that a boy, with a brogue, at once divested himself of his natural peculiarities, and spoke in firm, round English. Mrs Calcroft who had listened to the recitation, presented the youth with a glass of wine, and with bread and jam. A few days elapsed, when Mr. Calcroft, who had made an engagement with Mr. Edmund Kean, learned that the great tragedian of that day, was very ill. In this dilemma, he sought Young Brooke, and engaged him for a trial night, which took place in the month of May, 1833. He performed the character of William Tell, and with such success that he was engaged for the remainder of the week, appearing as Virginius, Frederick, in "Lover's Vows," Douglas, and Rolla. After this he appeared at Limerick and Londonderry, and was engaged at Glasgow for twelve nights.

From Glasgow he went to Edinburgh, where he played for a season. He was shortly after engaged at the Victoria Theatre, London.

His next appearance was at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, for two months. He next played through the entire York circuit, then under the management of Mr. T. J. Downe. In these places, Brooke never appeared except as a principal feature, supporting the great stars who were making their transit through England and Ireland. Among these was Edwin Forrest, who at once became an admirer of Mr. Brooke, and assured him that he had only to visit the United States to become completely successful.

On the 21 of January, 1848, he made his first appearance at the Olympic Theatre, where he made a more powerful sensation than had been known in the "Great Metropolis" since the appearance of Edmund Kean, in 1814.

Made his first appearance on the American stage at the Broadway Theatre, New-York, December 15th, 1851, as Othello. No audience ever received an acter with more favor, or were excited to greater enthusiasm. Made his first appearance in Philadelphia at the Walnut Street Theatre, January 5th, 1852, as Sir Giles Overreach. His last appearance in Philadelphia was at the Walnut, June 14th, 1853, as Othello.

In appearance, Mr. Brooke is tall and well built, though slight in figure, of a graceful, dignified carriage, and possessing one of the most expressive countenances we ever gazed upon—handsome in repose, and capable of assuming every variety of expression. His voice is rich and sonorous, relieved from monotony by a skillful sudden change from high to lower tones, which he introduces most effectively.

In 1854, Mr. Brooke took his farewell of the London public, and sailed for Australia, where he remained for a long time. In 1860, he was lessee of the Theatre Royal, Melbourne. Reappeared in London October 28th, 1861, after an absence of seven years, at the Drury Lane Theatre, in his favorite character of Othello. This is one of his best impersonations.

If there be one thing in Shakespeare more distinguishable than another, it is the power of creating objects of interest out of that which would otherwise be common place; of infusing a new life into tradition, and, with a "pen of fire," elaborating traits that must necessarily take our admiration captive; and thus the passion of the scene is never lost sight of. Nor does Mr. Brooke, in the exercise of a discreet judgment, deem it necessary so far to deviate from the conceptions entertained by a Kean or a Macready, as to reduce the grand Cosmopolitan delineation of the Bard of all time to a mere portrait, an individual phase of ugliness treated after the most approved pre-Raphaelite fashion. Mr. Brooke, on the contrary, preserves all the chivalry of the character intact, and is never less than the Othello which Shakespeare drew, and if there

is one character in the entire range of the poet's creations more eminently stamped as one of nature's nobility—as truly a "man"—it is the Moor of Venice. Your Anglo-Saxon has a shrewd notion of what constitutes the "flesh and blood" of the drama. An idea may be eliminated with wonderful subtlety, and yet after all have no more resemblance to a human being than a paper Scaramouch. Mr. Brooke possesses not only a singularly inventive talent, but the sterling sense which can best regulate it. So far I have spoken generally, and must now descend to a closer analysis. In the time of that great actor—Macready—it was urged by a certain class of objectors that he was too violent in his passion, and in the same way there are those who accuse Mr. Brooke of exaggeration in scenes which, without the power which he so finely and naturally infuses, would wholly cease to interest and to thrill. One of his critics admits that "he has the art of stirring up an intensity of feeling, but that the method is faulty." We cry your mercy, gentle critic; can anything be more faulty than the dullness of mediocrity when it apes and affects genius? The peculiar qualities of Mr. Brooke's voice—an intimate blending of force and gentleness—are chiefly remarkable in the scene before the Senators, and in that wherein he begins to surmise the falsehood of Iago. The memorable scene in the third act, where he imbibes the poison in his mind which Iago so dexterously administers, are also marked by some fine touches—and the scene in the bed chamber is most carefully and ably played. The inner workings of that glorious mind, when tortured by jealousy, are marvellously indicated by Mr. Brooke; each inflexion of the voice—each slight movement, exemplifying a world of meaning; and yet, amidst all the agonies of that majestic frame, how distinctly traceable was the reluctance to believe in aught that could affect the fair fame of a reluctant wife! Among our good old traditions, there is one which we are glad to see Mr. Brooke never loses sight of, and that is, the rhythmical harmony of Shakespeare's verse, degraded, as it has too often been, by harsh and capricious innovation; and for this reason the elevated sentiments wherewith the play abounds are given with unfailing felicity and impressiveness.

[Next week, Lola Montez and Miss Missouri.]

THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING.

BATTLES OF BY-GONE DAYS.

RE-PUBLISHED, BY REQUEST, IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER SIX.

THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT
BETWEEN
TOM HYER AND YANKEE SULLIVAN,
FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS,
WON BY HYER IN SEVENTEEN MINUTES AND EIGHTEEN SECONDS

This great prize fight, which had been the standard topic of conversation for the previous six months in fighting circles, and had occupied a large share of the attention of refined society during the same period of time, came off, according to agreement, on Wednesday, Feb. 7th, 1849, at Rock Point, mouth of Still Pond Creek, in Kent county, on the Eastern shore of Maryland, about 40 miles from Baltimore.

The location originally intended for the arena, was Pool Island, in the upper part of Chesapeake bay, which had been selected by Sullivan three weeks before as the most eligible spot for the intended meeting, as he had heard that its jurisdiction was disputed, or divided by the State of Maryland and the Government of the United States. Moreover, it was thirty miles away, with but two buildings, except the lighthouse stationed on it, and therefore could not produce much local interference. Owing to the opposition manifested by the authorities of Baltimore, and Maryland generally, who issued writs for the arrests of the principals, etc., it was deemed prudent to change the locality to the first named spot. Notwithstanding all the precautious taken by the men and their friends, they could not altogether evade the police, and some amusing scenes occurred while trying to keep the principals from the clutches of those worthies. During the night previous to the day of the battle, Capt. Gifford and a squad of police followed the men in a boat from Baltimore to Pool Island, and with his force proceeded to Hyer's headquarters, where they arrived about day-break.

HYER'S ESCAPE.

The friends of Hyer were not keeping a bright look-out; but one of them, nevertheless, heard the tramp of the police and ran up stairs in time to give Tom notice, whereupon he jumped up instantly and putting Thompson, his trainer, in his bed, ran down stairs, and crept under the cot of a negress on the ground floor.

While thus surrounded, Dutch Charley conveyed him his clothes, and he commenced dressing with the utmost rapidity, to take advantage of the first opportunity of escape. At this moment the officers were being led up stairs by the owner of the house, who knew nothing of the metamorphosis that had taken place. The owner of the house pointed to Thompson in the bed. Seeing that he was a huge man, and taking him for Hyer, the officers soon desisted from their attempts to pull the cover from his face, and leaving a small detachment in charge, set out with the rest for Sullivan's house. As soon as they had gone, Hyer broke through the sash of the room below, and commenced running towards the beach, but he was hailed by Winrow from a tree, who joined him in the flight. Arriving at the beach, they found two men with a boat belonging to the steam propellor "Columbia," from Philadelphia, which had just arrived off the island with about one hundred passengers, to see the fight. They thus reached their schooner, and were safe.

SULLIVAN'S ESCAPE.

When the police arrived at Sullivan's house, after leaving Hyer's, Joe Beard was dozing by the fire, but not so sound as not to hear Gifford ask a question, and the man of the house reply, that Sullivan was up stairs. He gave the alarm in time, and Sullivan sprang out of the window, but being confronted with two men, one of whom levelled a pistol at him, was glad to retire back. He then roused Tom O'Donnell, his second, from his sleep, and with that quickness of thought for which he always had been remarkable, threw a cloak over Tom O'Donnell's shoulders, and clapping his hands, exclaimed, "Run, Sullivan, run, as if hell had kicked you!" The officers, completely deceived at this, seized O'Donnell, while the real Simon Pure slipped away. Sullivan then ran to a tree and climbed it for a few moments in case they should return, but seeing they did not, he slipped down, and crawling low into the advancing dawn, made for the beach like his opponent. Meantime the officers were lugging O'Donnell along, while Gifford would renew his grip on his collar every minute, like a man who doubted he was in a dream of fortune, and exclaim at intervals in half soliloquy, "Ah, Sullivan, you're pretty smart, but you're not smart enough for us!" What he said when he discovered how Sullivan had fooled him, we have not heard. At the beach, Sullivan was met by Johnny McGrath, an ex-champion of the English light-weights, who, taking him on his shoulders, marched with him through the surf, and placed him in the propeller's boat, and had him rowed on board.

THE EMBARKATION.

Soon after this, the Cumberland moved towards Sullivan's pungee and put him aboard. The propeller then started up the bay, and the Boston, with the military on board, mistaking her motions, supposed the two men had been taken on board of her and were going off to fight. The latter, therefore, set out in chase, leaving the two pungees, which really contained the objects of their search, behind. Sullivan's boat then hailed Hyer's, and Colton, to guard against surprise in case they should leave the island and Hyer's party remain on the ground, and win by being present merely, called out, 'Show us Hyer and we'll show you Sullivan." Hyer and Sullivan were then brought up. As soon as they gazed upon each other, the eyes of the latter flashed like fire, and he shook his fist at his tall opponent with a passionate epithet. "Look here, my little man," said the captain of the "Whig," "if you allow yourself to get in such a passion on the start, you'll get whipped." "Will you follow us?" said Beckett, Sullivan's principal backer, to the opposing judge. "Yes," said Hyer, answering himself, "follow you anywhere." They then bore up the Chesapeake, finishing up the picture of the chase, the propeller being ahead, in the distance, the Boston next, and the two pungees, which were taken for outsiders going to see the fight, coming last. After Sullivan's schooner had got two or three miles away, those who were on board of her were surprised to find they were not followed by the other pungee, when dreading a ruse of Hyer's party again, they returned. But when they got back they found their suspicions were unjust, and that Hyer's pungee was aground. Sullivan took the opportunity to send ashore for his fighting shoes which he had left behind in his flight.

Time kept running away, and still Hyer's boat stuck fast, and in the chagrin of delay, the eager parties were more than once tempted to take advantage of the absence of their pursuers and the readiness of the ring, which stood "all set" before their eyes, to settle the business of the day before they got back. Had they known how little time it was to take, they might have done so with ease. Meantime, the Boston had discovered her error, and was returning fast. By good luck for the fighters, however, Hyer's schooner got afloat just as she came up, and by bad luck for the hungry sogers, the Boston got aground at the same time, and the two pungees, free at last, sailed off together, with their fingers to their bowsprits, in derision at the ineffectual attempts of all Baltimore and Maryland to interfere with the boys of New York.

It was now settled that Hyer's boat should take the lead, and all hands being rather wolfish by their numerous disappointments, agreed to drop upon the first convenient spot, whether it was in Maryland, or Delaware, or Virginia, or hell. At half past one o'clock they espied four or five small oyster smacks, and judging it to be a proper place, the crowd, to the number of some two hundred, debarked.

A mile of circuit, which might have been shortened by another path, brought them to a dwelling on the beach, and under its roof both the combatants found equal shelter. Each took up his quarters in large rooms on either side of the main hall, and huge fires of crackling hickory soon streamed up the capacious chimney-pieces, either in honor of the unexpected comers, or in deference to their powers of annoyance, should they be treated with any less difference than was due to the actual lords in fee simple and manorial right, to the estate.

The principals, both in good spirits, took their seats by the cheerful fires, while their satellites in reverential silence, grouped themselves around to listen to the least expression which might fall from those who were to be the heroes of the day. Meanwhile the more interested of the attaches of the separate sides, occupied themselves in making preparations for the ring. The spot selected for the arena by Sullivan's friends was between the house and the farm, and the location was considered favorable to the former, from the lumpy character of the surface, as it was expected that his wrestling qualities would enable him to throw his heavier antagonist, and punish him the more severely by the sharpness of his falls. The friends of Hyer seemed, however, to have a due appreciation of the policy of this intention, for after the snow was shovelled from the surface, they spaded fresh earth and sprinkled the entire platform of the ring, so that it was made as soft and elastic as a carpet. The stakes were then procured from pine billets found in the neighborhood, and for want of better gear, the top gallant halyards of the "Whig" were taken for the ropes. In the haste of their operations, the ring was not set exactly square, but had an oblique twist towards the sun, while the southern side presented a slight acclivity which promised, when it was caught by interested and observant eyes, to become the bitterest battle ground. At ten minutes past four everything was set, and notice was given to the parties in the house that all was ready. Sullivan, shortly after this summons, emerged from the house, being preceded by one of his seconds who carried a pair of hot bricks, which were intended for his feet while waiting for the signal to begin. As he approached the ring his appearance was hailed with cheers, and when he threw in his cap, which was a velvet one of a rich dark green, the most enthusiastic shouts were heard from his friends. He took his seat upon a chair that was provided for him, and with his feet upon the bricks, waited for the entrance of his foe. In two or three minutes more, Hyer came forth, borne on the brawny shoulders of his friend Dutch Charley, and as he neared the ropes, he shyed his castor, a foggy looking piece of felt, into the arena before him. Another burst of clamor then rent the sky, and amid increased enthusiasm, each man tied his colors to the stake. That of Hyer was the spangled ensign of his country, while Sullivan's was a green fogle with oval spots of white. Both men sat down on their seconds' knees, and confronted each other while the final preliminaries were arranged.

While thus awaiting the summons to the ordeal, the seconds, Joe Winrow and John Ling, the first for Hyer and the latter for Sullivan, came forward and made the toss for choice of ground. This was won for Sullivan, who, thereupon, reserved the corner where he already sat, giving to his antagonist the bright and dazzling sun directly in his eyes. The seconds now took their corners, Tom Burns taking the place of the captured Thompson, Hyer's regular trainer, and Country McCleester supplying the absence of Tom O'Donnell, on the part of Sullivan. Outside the ropes, in waiting on the latter, was Stephen Wilson, acting as a bottle-holder, and on the other corner, similarly affixed, was the brother of the lofty champion. At twenty minutes past four exactly, Winrow asked the question, "Are you ready?" "Yes," said Sullivan, rising and beginning to strip off his outer clothes, an operation in which he was immediately followed by Hyer, and which was accomplished by both with the celerity of a stage metamorphosis. In less than a minute they stood stripped to the waist, and attired in their neat fighting clothes. Such was the absorbing interest which held possession of all minds during these proceedings, that but a single bet was offered and made. Indeed, $35 was the entire amount that was wagered on the ground, and this was but even.

THE MEN.

As the antagonists stood up, all ready for the strife, there was a marked disparity in the appearance of the men. Hyer stood six feet two and a half inches, and Sullivan but five feet ten and a half. The weight of the former, moreover, was in the close neighborhood of 185, while the avoirdupois of Sullivan was rated no higher than 155, making a difference of thirty pounds in Hyer's favor. As to condition, both seemed equal. They were as finely developed in every muscle as their physical capacity could reach, and the bounding confidence which sparkled fiercely in their eyes, showed that their spirits and courage were at their highest mark. Sullivan, with his round, compact chest, formidable head, shelving, flinty brows, fierce glaring eyes, and clean-turned shoulders, looked the very incarnation of the spirit of mischievous genius; while Hyer, with his broad, formidable chest, and long, muscular limbs, seemed as if he could almost trample him out of life at will.

THE FIGHT.

Before coming to the scratch, the umpire for Sullivan asked the seconds of his side if they intended to examine Hyer's shoes, but they declined the formality as a matter of but little consequence, upon which the word was given and the men came up. According to rule they were obliged to shake hands before they began, but they performed this ceremony warily and at extreme arm's length. It was the business of the seconds next to do the same, but before they could reach the scratch to go through the idle ceremony, the eager crowd shouted them back, and they gave way at once to the gladiatorial show.

Round 1. Sullivan with his arms well up and every muscle swelling with its preparation, darted towards Hyer, who stood resolutely waiting for him with his body well forward and in formidable readiness; and coming up to him with a sort of run, let fly with his left on Hyer's head, but did not get it in; he then got away from a short attempt of Hyer to counter with his left, but Hyer followed the effort with an instant discharge of his right in Sullivan's forehead, which made a long abrasion of the scalp, but which, notwithstanding the power of the blow, showed neither blood nor discoloration at the time. Gathering himself for a return, Sullivan then rushed in at the body, after two or three ineffective exchanges, clinched his antagonist with the underhold and struggled for the throw. This was the great point on which was to depend the result of the fight. Sullivan relied mainly for success upon his superior wrestling, and it was calculated by his friends and backers, that a few of his favorite cross-buttocks would break his young antagonist in his lithe and graceful waist, and not only render him limpsy with weakness, but stun him with the falls. The most terrible anxiety therefore existed as to the result of this endeavor. In its fierce agitations, the spectators, who stood in an outer ring of plank laid over the snow some feet distance from the arena, involuntarily rushed forward against the ropes. Two or three times did Sullivan knot his muscles with an almost superhuman effort, but all served only to postpone his overthrow; for when he had spent his power by these terrible impulsions, his iron adversary wrenched him to the ground with the upper hold, and fell heavily, prone upon his body. This decided the larger part of the outside betting in favor of the upper man, and shouts of the most terrific joy went up for Hyer. The depression of Sullivan's friends was equal in degree, and they began to get an inking that they had underrated their opponent.

2. As soon as time was called, both men hurried to the scratch, Hyer working to the upper slope of the ring, where stood the judges and referee, and thus slanting the sun between his body and that of his opponent, instead of taking its beams directly in his eyes. As Sullivan came up this time, the blood from the scratch upon his forehead made crimson confessions of its severity, and elated the friends of the tall one with shrieks of "first blood for Hyer!" Sullivan at this hosanna rushed desperately in, and meeting Hyer where he paused to receive his charge, delivered a heavy blow with his right on Hyer's left eye, taking a counter on his opposing ogle in return. Sullivan kept close up, and both kept striking with the rapidity of two cocks as they fly together, rendering it almost impossible to see where, or how the hits were discharged. It was evident, however, that the rally had not been attended with serious effect to either side. A feint from Sullivan, and a dodge from Hyer intervened; when another rally followed, Sullivan taking in return for a couple of body blows, two severe discharges on the left eye, by a sort of half upper cut with the right hand, which brought the blood again. Sullivan then rushed in and clinched; he caught the underhold again, but his efforts were naught, and he was twisted to the ground as if he had been a man of grass, his huge antagonist falling upon him as before, with his entire weight. Shouts for Hyer.

3. The hopes of Yankee's friends were now fading fast, and indeed he seemed impressed himself with the idea that he was overmatched. He looked at his opponent with a sort of wild astonishment as he came up, but with a desperate courage, as if conscious nothing but the most reckless policy alone could help him, he rushed up to the scratch, and gathering cautiously, after a wicked pause, he softened his apparent intention with a feint, but finding Hyer would not be drawn out, he let fly right and left, and catching Hyer with the latter blow upon the body (some say the neck) staggered him backwards a couple of steps and brought him to a sitting position on the ground. The shout now went up on Sullivan's side, and amidst uproarious glee he went smiling to his corner.

4. Both came up this time with the utmost alacrity, Sully encouraged by his success, and Hyer showing the utmost eagerness to get even. Sullivan hurried up, and led off without getting in, and Hyer in his excitement, not only returned short, but open handed. This excited the attention of the former's backer, who, while on the point of crying out, "Now, you've got him, Jim," discovered that Sullivan was open-handed too. The warning, however, brought both of them to their senses, and made them close their fists. Hyer then hit out right and left, executing with the latter on the old spot, taking a body blow in return. Sullivan then ran in and clinched, but his hold did him no good, for he was thrown in the same manner as before. Hyer falling on him and lying across him for several seconds, until his henchmen could come slowly and take him off. Expressions of dissatisfaction here broke out from Sullivan's friends, and the umpire of that side claimed "foul," on the score that the upper man was not sooner removed. The question was put to the referee, who, however, decided "fair."

5. Sullivan, who had suffered considerably in the last round by his eagerness to improve the advantage he had gained in the third, led off with the same reckless spirit and with the same desperate aim. He struck wildly right and left at the head, but getting stopped, next tried the body. His incautiousness, however, received a heavy punishment in the shape of a tremendous right hand paixhan on the left eye, which hit him down upon his hand, with one knee touching the ground. Hyer rushed forward to hit again, but checking himself, he raised his hands as if afraid of being tempted to a foul blow, and moving backwards, turned towards his corner. At this moment Sullivan's umpire, supposing the round at an end, dropped his eye to his watch and started his time. It happened, however, that as Hyer had turned away Sullivan, apparently wild, had risen and recommenced the round; whereupon Hyer turned upon him and pressed him by main strength to the ground. While this supplementary struggle was going on, the umpire raised his eyes, and supposing Hyer had turned to attack Sullivan after the round had finished, as he had marked it, called out "foul." The character of the renewal was explained to him, whereupon he withdrew his complaint.

6. Sullivan now began to show his punishment and fatigue in a slight nervousness of his legs, but still he ran boldly up for desperate fighting, as game as a pebble, and as resolute as if the battle was still within his reach. Several rapid exchanges were then made. Sullivan catching it on the right eye brow, in a counter to a body hit. Hyer then fought Sullivan to the ropes, and bent him backwards over them. Sharp fibbing took place, which, proving rather unpleasant to Hyer, he seized Sullivan and threw him and fell on him, with his arm across his neck. He remained in this position for some moments, without interference by his seconds, who saw that it was to his advantage, whereupon a claim of "foul" was made by Sullivan's judge. The Referee, however, decided "fair." It was likewise claimed that in rising, Hyer had pressed improperly on Sullivan's neck, but the claim was not made out.

7. Sullivan, breathing short, and exhibiting much fatigue, came up the same as ever, and Hyer, as before, stood on the slope to forbid his passage one inch upon his ground. The little man, as he approached his huge antagonist, seemed as if dispirited by the decision of the Referee, while he was nearly spent with the severe exertions that he had made to hit and get away. But he hit with no effect, while the blows of his powerful antagonist made the blood flow profusely down his face, although they had really less effect upon the unfortunate left eye than it seemed. Several exchanges were made, all against Sullivan, when he rushed in again at his wrestling hold, and found the ground as he had done in these close encounters every time before.

8. The hit in the eye which Hyer received in the second round, now showed its colors, and puffed up with dirty pride and vanity over the surrounding flesh. Sullivan's left eye was no better; indeed worse; and bore many testimonials in crimson crevices of Hyer's black and long knuckles. Sullivan again made play from the jump, but got nothing in. As he hit out at the body, Hyer struck short with the left, as was his custom every time, when he meditated mischief with his right hand, and then let go with his dexter mawley, driving the blood out from the left eye in gory spray, but still not knocking his staunch opponent down. Sullivan finding that he could not parry off these terrific hits, ran in again, but was thrown as before, Hyer falling on him, and lying with his breast across Sullivan's chest, neck, and face. Hyer's seconds were again slow in coming up to take him off, upon which another appeal of "foul" was made to the Referee, who, however, decided "fair," though he admitted he could not see at all times, in consequence of the crowd getting between him and the men, and jostling him about since the first round.

9. "Time" came round quick at this "call," as much of the thirty seconds was consumed while the men were on the ground. Both men came up bloody to the scratch; Sullivan being literally clotted with gore, while the clear crimson smoked on Hyer's chest, from a lance wound which had been made under his right eye to prevent it from closing out his sight. He was also dabbled with the drains which ran from Sullivan, and which painted his arms and bosom every time he closed. Sullivan walked up the scratch this time with a freshened vigor, and showed the same determination as when he commenced the battle. Hyer, who was cool, and apparently unfatigued, at once saw the real condition of his man, and concluding that it was now time to change his tactics, led off for the first time. Yankee seemed better capable of resisting this mode of warfare than making a successful aggression, and dodged two wicked looking blows; but in endeavoring to return with a rush, he brought Hyer to his usual defensive position. He then took Sullivan's blows without wincing or endeavoring to stop them, being satisfied to take advantage of the right hand counter which from the first had told with such terrible effect. Sullivan rushed in again to save himself from punishment, and was thrown, with Hyer on him.

10. Sullivan came up with his hands open and showing distress. He led off with ineffectual passes, which only served to provoke punishment, and give him the return of a wicked right handed hit in the old place, which staggered him to the ground.

11. Hyer, strong on his pins, respiring regularly, and evidently in possession of all his strength. He waited for Sullivan as before, and though Yankee came up rather slower than before, Hyer was content to wait his approach rather than alter a method by which he was getting on so well. On meeting at the scratch, a few rapid hits were made, which ended in a clinch and a wrestle to the ground. Hyer uppermost as before, but with Sullivan's leg locked over his until he was taken off.

12. This time both men came up quick, and Sullivan led off, hitting wildly and madly right and left, while his cool antagonist, watching his chance, took a short hit for the privilege of countering on the old spot. Sullivan then rallying his energies, tried the Secor dodge, and endeavored to slip under Hyer's right arm, to hit him from behind, but he was stopped and caught by Hyer with the left, on the top of the head, with a round blow, which discharged him to the ground.

13. Up to this time all the fighting was done in Sullivan's corner, making Hyer's boast good that he should not have an inch more than twelve feet to do his fighting in. This round commenced by sharp exchanges right and left, as if they had come together for the first time. At length Hyer, finding it was all his own way, rallied Sullivan sharply, and driving him to the ropes, backed him over them, and entered into a smart exchange of fibbing. Hyer caught hold of the ropes while thus engaged, when a man from Boston, by the name of Hennessy, seized his thumb, and bent it backwards from its hold, whereupon Hyer let go, and clinching Sullivan, wrenched him to the ground and fell upon him.

14. Sullivan giving out fast, Hyer perceiving it, entered briskly on the offensive, fought him to the ropes and flabbed him on them as before. After an exchange of this kind of work, Hyer jerked him from the ropes, and clinching, wrestled him to the ground and fell upon him.

15. Sullivan shaky on his pins, and Hyer apparently as strong as ever. As Sullivan came up and attempted to hit out, he slipped; Hyer rallied him to the ropes, hitting him right and left in the pursuit, and bending him again over the ropes. During this struggle he caught his arm, and bending it backward in its socket, gave it a wrench that must have caused the most agonizing pain; he then clenched, and threw him to the ground and fell upon him as before.

16. When time was called, Sullivan was slow in rising from his second's knee, and it was evident that his fighting star had set, for the day at least. He walked in a limpsey manner towards the score, but when he put up his left arm, the tremor that shook it showed that it was distressed by pain. Hyer did not wait for him, but advancing beyond the score, let fly both right and left in Sullivan's face, who, though he could not return it, took it without wincing in the least. Hyer then rushed him to the ropes again, and after a short struggle there, threw him and fell heavily upon him, in which position Sullivan locked his leg over him again, as if he would hold him in his place. When he was taken off, Sullivan was found to be entirely exhausted, and when lifted up, reeled half round and staggered backward towards the ropes. The fight was done. He could not come in again, and one of his seconds took him from the ring, without waiting for time to be called. Hyer's second, as soon as this took place, advanced to take Sullivan's colors as their trophy, but being interfered with and denied by Ling, Hyer rushed forward himself, and seizing Ling by the arm, enabled his friend to take the prize. The shouts then went up for the victor, and the party commenced unthreading the stakes of their halyards, for the voyage back.

REMARKS

Thus ended a contest which had excited more interest than any other pugilistic encounter that ever took place in this country before; but which, though it engaged thousands of minds for a period of six long months, was done up, when once begun, in seventeen minutes and eighteen seconds.

The boats soon got up sail after the battle was over, and made for Pool Island again on their return. On arriving at that place, they found the steamer Boston still aground, and as her warlike freight came crowding to the side, the pungees gave them three times three as a compensation for the disappointment they had received, in neither arresting the principals, nor in getting a peep at the fight. The foregoing contest may be aptly termed a "hurricane fight." From the commencement to the close, it was bitter, unremitting, and determined. On the part of Sullivan, it consisted of a series of quick and almost superhuman efforts to outfight and stun his antagonist from the start, while Hyer, who seemed to be thoroughly aware of his intent, contented himself with standing at the scratch and forbidding any entrance to his side, by the tremendous counter hits which he delivered in return for Sullivan's rapid visitations. He did not attempt to make parrying a leading feature of his policy, but for the greater portion of the time cheerfully met Sullivan's blows for the chance of countering back. He had evidently settled upon this as his policy for the fight, judging correctly, that if hit and hit was to be the order of the day, the weakest structure must go to pieces in the struggle. In addition to this, Hyer showed excellent skill in fighting, and his method of hitting short with the left, as a preliminary to the paixhan discharge of the right, in the style of a half upper cut, could not have been excelled in the use which he made of it, by the best hitters who have ever shown themselves in the prize ring. To help him still further, he was cool and self-possessed, with the exception of a moment or two at the opening of the fourth round, when he seemed either shaken by his fall, or stung from his control, by the cheers which greeted Sullivan for the handsome blow. Sullivan, on the other hand, fought wild and over eager. He did not display that shrewdness and care which had characterized all his previous fights, but seemed to consider himself in the ring, not so much to decide some three hundred thousand dollars, as to revenge upon Hyer, in the bitterest and most sudden manner, the personal hatred that stood between them. He hurried to the scratch at every round, and commenced leading off right and left, and when obliged to take it more severely than he bargained for, invariably rushed in for a clinch, notwithstanding each succeeding round proved more conclusively than those which had gone before, he could not throw his man, and that these reverses invariably brought upon him the severest punishment of all. He was twisted to the ground invariably by the superior strength of his antagonist, and what, in view of this, was surprising to his friends, he would resist strongly every time, instead of slipping down as easily as possible to save his strength. As to Hyer's lying on him to the extent he did, there was much dispute, and while one party claimed it to have been "foul," the other insisted that it was a pardonable advantage. Between these two opinions the referee decided "fair." While Hyer, after the struggle and the throw, would repose at ease on Sullivan's body and draw respirations of fresh atmosphere, Sullivan was crushed with the incumbent weight, and capable of catching only a few muffled breaths. In addition to this, Hyer being lifted first, got to his second's knee in advance, while Sullivan would scarcely reach his corner and have his blanket thrown upon his shoulder, before time would be called, and he would be started to his feet. He would then run at his enemy, and irritated from his balance, would rush upon the punishment which he received. Had he been better treated, he might have preserved his temper and fought a little longer, but no treatment could have made him win. He was over matched, and the man whom he was fighting against, exceeded all expectations, both for skill and strength. From the first to last, however, Sullivan had no chance to win. The reception of the first hit staggered him and his friends, while the loss of the fall after the most desperate efforts of his under hold, must have convinced him he was over matched. There was then nothing left but desperate fighting and an instalment of revenge upon the mutual quarrel. Hyer fought well under the circumstances, and nothing could have exceeded the courage with which he confronted an assured fate. It was a terrific struggle. There never was, perhaps, a battle in which there was so much fighting in so short a space of time; none, certainly, in which more resolute punishment was given and taken, without flinching on either side. The history of the fight consists in the fact that Sullivan was overmatched; and, in the further fact, that Hyer showed himself capable, at that time, of matching any man of his size and weight in Britain or the United States.

OUR GAME BAG.

CHARLES DICKENS ON TOM SAYERS.—Mr. Dickens has been giving a series of readings in England. Among the readings were selections from Pickwick, Nicholas Nickleby, etc., introducing, among others, "Bob Sawyer's Party." Some of the people thereaway seem to know more about Tom Sayers than they do of Dickens or his "Bob Sawyers." In Birmingham, recently, three people, two men and a woman, belonging decidedly to the sporting variety of the "lower orders," were seen staring at a large placard announcing Mr. Dickens' readings at the Music Hall. The woman, who was apparently the educated member of the group, slowly read out the contents of the bill, concluding with the announcement, "Why there's going to be 'Bob Sayers' party' read at the Music Hall!" "Bob Sayers," said one of the men, indignantly, 'why, his name's 'Tom.'" "Well," replied the woman, "it says 'Bob' here." "Ah!" said the man, with an air of intense conviction, "very likely, but it ain't right. Them printers is allays makin' mistakes. His name's 'Tom,' I tell yer, I knows him very well." And so they went on their way, persuaded that Tom Sayers and Mr. Dickens were about to exhibit themselves in a "set-to" at the Music Hall.

CAUGHT IN THE RAIN.—"John," said a gentleman the other day, "I am going to church, and if, as it now has the appearance, it should rain, I wish you to come with the umbrella for me; however, you need not come unless it should rain downright." The gentleman went—it did rain, but according to John's construction of his orders, it was not necessary from the appearance of the rain to go with the umbrella. While standing at the door, watching the weather, he was not a little astonished to see his master approaching the house with drenched garments and a look of implacable anger. "John," said the good man, "why didn't you bring the umbrella?" "Because, sir," replied John, "it rained *slanting!*"

A COMMITTEE MAN.—Husband, who has arrived home at a late hour of the night: "Don't look so cross, love—I have been detained on a committee." Wife—"I don't like those committees, they are nuisances. I suspect that—" Husband, interrupting her—"Just hear that infernal cat!" Wife—"He's out on a committee, I guess." Husband remained silent for the rest of the night.

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CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, FEB 3, 1862.

There is nothing particularly new to record in the way of amusements. The attractions at the theatres remain about the same as last week. Business has been somewhat checked by "storm after storm which rises dark o'er the way." We don't know when we have experienced such an "uncompromising" spell of bad weather as we have had during the month just closed, and had it not been for the extraordinary inducements offered by our managers, the opening month of the new year would have proved disastrous in more ways than one. As it is, however, our places of amusement have done a profitable business, as a general thing, and if February should only be productive of equally good results, the chances will then be favorable for carrying the entire season through to a successful finish. We are surprised that the people have turned out so well while a great civil war is raging, and can only attribute it to our love of recreation under any and all circumstances. It is a trait in the American character, and you will find evidence of it not only in cities far away from scenes of strife and bloodshed, but also in the camps of our army, on the field of battle. The American must and will have his amusements, at home or abroad; and New-Yorkers, probably, more than any other class, take the lead in this respect. It is the gay and lively character of our people that has made New-York the leading city in the Union. Crush out our metropolitan amusements, and you strike at the very root of one of our sources of greatness. And this is one reason why we object to "rural" interference in city affairs, why we oppose country legislation warring against concert saloons. If they succeed in closing music halls, the minstrel business may next excite their ire, and then the theatres. Better not give the "rurals" a chance. They are jealous of the city, and everything which contributes to its greatness, and they take advantage of every opportunity afforded to assail it and its institutions. Let the "country members" "shinny on their own side," and we will attend to our own affairs. What do the "rurals" know about city matters, except in getting skinned by "mock auctioneers," "pocket book stuffers," the "little joker," and all that, and yet we don't hear of much legislation on *these* subjects, do we? Yes, one other phase of society they seem to have some knowledge of, the courtesan and her "house of call," and they dodge this question, too, in their attack on the city. Let the "rurals" alone; they know how to play points for their own advantage, and where they are aided and abetted by some of our own people, as they are in this concert business, they are sure to "crowd the mourners."

The committe in the Senate of our State Legislature to whom the bill was referred, placing certain restrictions on concert saloons in the city of New York, reported in favor of the bill on the 30th January. This is one step onward. It has yet to come up again in the Senate, and if passed by that body, goes to the House, to be acted upon there. Speaking of concert saloons, reminds us that we should call attention to a matter which is of considerable importance to managers of those places. We allude to the engagement of stars, and what are termed "star combinations." We notice that a New York manager has engaged for a certain period, a number of clever performers, dancers, singers, etc, to each of whom he is under agreement to pay salaries ranging from $60 to $100 per week. Having nearly played them out at his own establishment as stock performers, he suddenly conceives the idea of converting them into a "combination of stars," for the purpose of hiring them out to other managers, at an advance on the original investment. To this end they were advertised for engagement, and the manager who first bit at the bait was Mr. Rivers, of the Philadelphia Melodeon. They have been performing for that gentleman, as stars, for the past three weeks—during the first week of their engagement they increased the business of the Melodeon, and attracted large audiences; on the second week, there was a falling off in attendance, and during the third week there was a still farther reduction in the receipts, and the manager no doubt considered it about time to dispense with the star combination, and fall back upon his own resources, for the engagement was brought to a termination on the 1st inst. Now, during the entire three weeks that the "stars" were performing at the Melodeon, Mr. Rivers' regular company were under their usual pay, the salaries to be paid the "stars" being just so much added to the expenses of the establishment, without any adequate return; for we are of the opinion that the engagement of the "stars" was money out of pocket to Mr. Rivers. Not only are the bad effects of the star system felt immediately, but they have a tendency to do a lasting injury to any concert hall that adopts the star policy, as well as to interfere with the regular business of the profession. Let a manger once engage what are called "stars," and in most cases he will be compelled to run them the season through, or "go to the bad." The experiment has proved a costly one to Mr. Rivers, and we do not believe he will have the temerity to repeat it. Let other managers take a warning by the Philadelphia manager's experience, and stick to their regular business. No music hall can pay the large salaries demanded by the "combination," and live; especially at a time when such opposition is manifested towards them as we see at the present time. We are decidedly opposed to the introduction of "star combinations" in the music hall business. Should the attempt to push this movement prove successful, it will result in benefiting a few performers at the expense of the many. It will cut down the salaries of the regular stock, and make the business a monopoly for "stars;" and managers, in the end, will discover that they have enriched the stars, but beggared themselves. Mark if what we have said does not turn out to be correct. Better shut down on the system now while it is in its infancy, and while managers and stock performers have the opportunity, rather than wait, and suffer "combination" to dictate terms to managers, and refuse to play with regulars with whom they may not happen to be favorably impressed.

The month of January passed off with an utter defiance of all the descriptive adjectives known to our language, but it was inconsistently consistent in its inconsistencies to the last, for the last day of the month was the most delightful of the whole thirty-one, and February came in with a snow storm worthy of the Rocky Mountains, as if by way of showing a contrast between months as well as days. These weather items may or may not be appropriate by the time they come before our readers; but, certain it is that they did, in their day and perturbation, considerably influence the attendance upon our places of amusement. Ask the managers or the treasurers, the performers or the audiences. If ever the weather could be considered as a "legitimate" subject of conversation, surely it must be about these days of snow cradles and tall boots. The question as to whether the rail tracks are salted is of little consequence while we all know what a "pretty pickle" we get into as soon as we go near them. No wonder the naughty men filled up the concert saloons, and left the ladies at home.

Having headed off all competitors in a timely notice of Messrs. Forrest & Nixon's intended demonstration in Brooklyn, we may as well follow our own lead by announcing that "the greatest living tragedian" intends to appear for "eight nights only" in "eight different pieces," and "no repetition of a character," commencing with King Lear on the 10th of Feb., and "winding up" with Macbeth (Lay on, Macduff!) on the 21st. No doubt Manager Nixon will warm up the Academy of Music with the legitimate fire of the Acting Drama, and the grand cause of dramatic entertainments will be fully sustained. We understand that suitable support for the "great star" has been engaged, so that the "water spout" style of performance will be avoided. By the way, one of our weekly contemporaries asserts that "Forrest is simply a tragic buffoon." Tell it not in Brooklyn. "Was not that thunder?" However, no danger for Nixon. He has J. B. Wright for stage manager, G. R. Smith as scenic artist, and J. P. Cooke as leader of the orchestra. There is no truth in the rumor that Walt Whitman has been engaged to second Mr. Forrest.

In spite of unweatherable weather, Squire Jarrett has managed the fourth week of his "grand combination" company so as to do a very fair business. In fact, we Yorkers are lucky chaps in many respects. Wars, breakdowns, bankruptcies, and other flip-flaps, which "go dead agin" other people, often bring us bargains of the most attractive kind. No matter how things may have "fell out" with other parties, Mr. Jarrett has fallen in with a very agreeable combination of our professional people—a jobber would say, a "choice lot." By the way, just think of Mrs. (Julia Bennett) Barrow as Hecate, and Mark Smith as First Witch! Locke's music for "Macbeth" may be a little extravagant, but here is a decided extravagance of cast, showing the great wealth of talent at the manager's disposal. Besides, witches and music are looking up. The support must be liberal and solid that sustains so "sterling" a company. When the "legitimate" is legitimately performed—when it is, as now at Niblo's—no danger for good business, or as good as the weather and the absence of small boats or snow shoes could possibly permit. Mrs. John Wood, Irish Collins, and "The Colleen Bawn" come next, unless the old tragedies are continued to balance the old comedies at Wallack's. Balancez the whole!

At the Old Bowery, horse opera is at its zenith, and the fact is not to be marvelled at, considering that Manager Stickney never allows one a novelty to die out before another is introduced. We dropped in there on Friday evening last, on the occasion of Dan Rice's benefit, and found the old rendezvous crowded, a fact, *per se*, that speaks volumes for the popular jester, whose jokes are as sparkling as old wine. Dan's trained horse, Excelsior, Jr., is a wonderful animal; but them mules! You ought to see them critters if you haven't. One of them is so delicate and precise in his kicking, that he "hooted" a chap that swore he'd "ride the mule, or go to blazes," and landed him out of the arena into the orchestra, on his head. Dan will go you $25 if you succeed in making that mule go the circuit three times, carrying you on his back. If you try it and succeed, let us know, and we will, in addition to the sum offered, give you—the benefit of an "honorable mention."

At Stuyvesant Hall, Hooley's Minstrels, business "fell off" during the "wet season," of course, but on Friday night last there was a rush—an old fashioned rush of patrons, such as pleases everybody concerned, from the manager down to the "perlite youth" at the door dealing out "bills of fare." "Barbary Allen" holds her own yet. While Griffin and Fox do her up, the people will have her case laid before them nightly. Reed, in his "Sally come up, Sally come down," continues an attractive feature. "Gideon's Band" have not disbanded, but continue their begging appeals as usual. They have a new monstrosity here, entitled "Jane Ashore, or the Row at Stuyvesant Hall." "It is an immense conglomeration of ideas centered on the inaptitude," as Charley Fox would say "of a dilapidated feminine obstructed in her intricacy of motional desires to figurously figurate upon the boards of a dramatic hemisphere." The "Kornse Ballay," are teasers to those who admire the beautiful extremities of beautiful females, and after a general skirmish all hands show the fine ale in a ludicrous exit, a *Griffin* terrified by a *Fox* and his spirits—in a black bottle—carrying off Miss Araminta Smithers on his back. Go and take a "hand in" at the "Row in Stuyvesant Hall."

The Melodeon seems to have passed the mellowness of age, and be drooping into the dry bones of deepair. As there may be some persons of talent indirectly concerned, we feel sorry for them. The public seem determined to let the place severely alone. The houses last week were "orful," and enough to chill the most steamed up devotee of pleasure. Perhaps some of the "exposures" of a portion of the press may have had some influence, if those "exposures" had any foundation in fact. If so, those places which cannot "stand the pressure" of public inspection and permanent approval, had better cease to exist, as they only impede the progress of respectable music halls.

At Wallack's, the effects of the weather in preventing the usual attendance of ladies have been more observable than at any other house; the performances and the selections have all been good, but such is the fact. The veteran must expect to pay the penalty of being such a favorite among the fair sex. "Sarves him right!" However, no doubt his lady patrons will muster again in their beautiful polka jackets as soon as better weather will permit. The nightly variety of the standard comedies would tempt the gods, while puzzling a saint. The casts—they are like well harmonized pictures. But when shall we have Manager Jim on the boards?

The Winter Garden may possibly lose something by its name about these days, for the attendance is not so good as formerly. Possibly Mrs. Wood and Mr. Collins may shine here instead of "upsetting things" at Niblo's. The idea has been thrown across Broadway once or twice. Signorita Isabella Cubas and Don Juan Ximines commence with their brilliant ballet dancing on the 3d Feb.

With regard to the Bryant Brothers and their cozy little snuggery at 472 Broadway, how can we possibly put in print our admiration of their invariably pleasing performances? The thing "can't be did," but we know that the weather makes no sort of difference to the audiences which are sure to fill the house. Dropping in on Friday night we were more amused than ever with the continual variety presented. The way Dan Bryant and Eph Horn give "The Seedy Musicians" is superlatively laughable. Eph takes occasion to observe that "there's a heap o' talent around here," and his penny trumpet gives a suitable accompaniment, winning great applause of the roaring order. An allusion to Tom Paddock was so well received as to show that the CLIPPER keeps our audiences well posted.

The Hutchinson Family gave a concert at Dodworth's Hall on the 31st Jan., and were well received, especially Mrs. Hutchinson. Bro. Cheever was on hand. The general verdict of a lady friend (whose opinions we highly value) was—"A very nice concert; but, really, there is too much John Brown."

"Mazulm" continues to give the utmost satisfaction at the Canterbury Music Hall. The fifth, seventh, and ninth scenes are really better than could be reasonably expected in any house smaller than the Academy of Music. The proprietors seem determined to make good their assertion that it is "the most costly fitted up place of amusement in the world." The alterations on the general programme afford a nightly variety, and the additional performers recently introduced are all valuable. Mdlle. Katerine, the danseuse, came on the 31. The weather has but little effect on so attractive and so well-managed an establishment. "Everybody happy" seems to be the prevailing sentiment, before or behind the curtain. A. M. Hernandez and Marietta Ravel, Miss Adelaide Price, Dick Carroll, and all the other inspired geniuses of the Canterbury, are exceedingly entertaining and amusing, and we advise all New Yorkers and "any other man" to go and witness their performances, be delighted, and "give them a hand" along in life.

At 444 Broadway the tide of improvement seems to have taken a new and more decisive start. There is truly a "combination troupe" on hand now. Tony Pastor is a small team himself. The "Broadway Minstrels" have elongated their list, and elongated their programme, but the faces of their hearers do not elongate, for rollicking fun or pure sentiment accompany their movements from the word "go," as said by their leader. The new ballet, "Rose et Papillon," composed by Mons. Paul Brilliant, is another proof of his artistic genius, and Miss Lizzie Shultze, as Rose, astonished us by a degree of ability which our usual good opinion had not expected. Miss Ernestine De Faiber also gives a very praiseworthy and tantalizing Papilion. All the other personifications, especially those of the flowers, were admirably sustained. The latest novelty of this kind is "La Belle de Madrid." The general selections are all good, and the Central Park Carnival, with the skating match, show how out-door sports may be relished while sitting in a comfortable music hall. No blockade has yet been put, or likely to be put, on Ben Cotton. Our laughter with Ben Cotton or Tony Pastor would break any blockade by the blue devils.

Of the two Bowery establishments, the lower house—with Stickney's Circus, and Dan Rice and his mules—did the best business since our last. Mr. Stickney does not seem to have lost any of that energetic spirit which characterised him in his younger years. In carrying the old Bowery along so well as he has done, he has surpassed the expectations of his friends, who predicted for him a short and disastrous season. He entered upon the management of the old house at a time when the city was at the height of the war excitement, and when thousands of the frequenters of the old house were leaving the metropolis for the battle ground in Virginia. In spite of the general depression in business, and the thinning out of the ranks of the East Side *habitues*, Mr. Stickney has now kept the old homestead running for several months, giving us something new each week, and doing all in his power to amuse and interest his patrons. Dan Rice is still there, with his performing horse Excelsior, Jr., and the low comedy mules. His engagement expires this week we believe. Performances are also given on Saturday afternoon at this house.

We learn that "The Nightingale Polka" was not composed by Mr. Kopplitz, but by a French composer named N. Bosquet. The music was originally published in France, but reprinted in this country by Ditson, of Boston, and subsequently introduced to Yew York audiences by Mr. Thomas Baker, at Laura Keene's. This was in 1859, and our "Rossignol" friend then had the name of "Laura Linnet Polka."

The Hanlons will soon zampillaerostate back again from Havana. Three weeks are nothing there—a mere step, hop, skip, and jump—for William, George, Thomas, and Alfred.

The Jarrett "combination," at Niblo's, talk of stepping out, for a fortnight or so, to the Academy of Music, Boston.

Those French evenings at Irving Hall are delightful. The fourth took place on the 3d Feb. Vive Juignet!

Maretzek's new baritone, Signor Ypolito, came out as Germont, in "La Traviata," at our Academy of Music, on the 31 Feb.

Grau, Maretzek, and Gottschalk, are chalking out the most available arrangement of nights for either operas or concerts, in either New York or Brooklyn. Able generals.

We understand that Mrs. (Matilda Heron) Stoepel and Mr. Edwin Adams commence an engagement at our Winter Garden on the first Monday in March.

Our firemen friends—and their friends—who are among all classes—will not fail to notice the musical entertainment which has been arranged for the benefit of Miss Sarah E Sanderson, at the City Assembly Rooms, on the 6th Feb. This young lady is totally blind. She is the daughter of Robert W. Sanderson, (a fire warden, and one of New York's best firemen), recently deceased. Under these afflicting circumstances, Mr. Campbell, of Bryants' Minstrels, Mr. Winchell, the comic vocalist, Miss Maggie Haight, and other ladies and gentlemen have kindly volunteered their services for a concert that would be intrinsically attractive even without the heavenly motive of benevolence. By the way, Miss Sanderson herself is a brilliant performer on the piano. Let us all "bear a hand" for the gallant fireman's daughter.

At Laura Keene's, "Our American Cousin" continues to be the subject of "unceasing applause," and keeps up "a carnival of fun" every night "until further notice." We sincerely regret, however, to announce that Miss Laura Keene's health yet remains in a very precarious state, at the time we write these lines. A temporary improvement was said to have been observable on thie (Monday) afternoon.

Commodore Nutt has commenced his levees at Barnum's Museum. Jokes are cracked, but Barnum lets the shells go, and keeps the nut.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Mons Francisch's Troupe were at Mattoon, Ill., on the 28th Jan., and seems to succeed well in that region. By the way, Andy Campbell is on the look out for a new berth, and his present employer, Mons. Francisco, can tell his merits. Andy will be ready for a slide about the first of April, and no April fool about it.

We learn that James Sheridan Knowles intends residing the remainder of the winter at Queenstown, Ireland, to have the benefit of its agreeable climate.

A reliable correspondent, speaking of the merits and success of Manager Deagle's Varieties Music Hall, St. Louis, winds up with saying:—"I think a few smart New-York waiter-girls would help him considerable." How is that?

The difference between brothers and beaux received a comical illustration lately in Washington. A certain Professor, who usually

nearly the whole of the two hundred "complimentaries" upon the unfortunate Professor in one evening! We have no doubt that, hereafter, our well meaning friend, the Professor, will do well to explain, in his amusing performances, the "material" difference between a brother and a bean. Meantime, ask the ladies.

J. M. Searl, pythonist and traveler, has slid out of Illinois into Iowa. He is to be at Iowa City on the 3d and 4th Feb., and at Muscatine on the 6th and 7th. His fantastic illusions seem to fetch in the solid results.

Tom Sayers continues to be "the coming man" all over England, especially in the northern circuit. His party are now styled "Tom Sayers' Circus." Their movement programme had Liverpool set down for the 11th Jan., but some legal difficulty occurred between the corporation and the Hotel Company on the 6th, and we expect that Tom will become quite a "mouth piece" (lawyer) as he gradually learns what petty tyranny show people are continually liable to meet with. Tom's party published the following explanation:—"Whereas, in consequence of a misunderstanding between the Hotel Company and the Corporation of Liverpool, the proprietor, Mr. Sayers, has at a great sacrifice been compelled to remove his circus, after paying the rent to the Hotel Company. The Corporation took possession of the ground in Dale-street on Monday morning, the 6th instant, the day the circus was to have been opened—not to prevent Mr. Sayers' performance, but because of some legal action pending (of which Mr. Sayers was perfectly ignorant) between them and the aforesaid Company. The matter thus stands. We are the losers to a great extent; in fact, we calculate the loss at no less than Five Hundred Pounds. His Worship the Mayor granted his permission, but the Surveyor thought the matter might stand in another light, as we were the actual tenants of the Hotel Company. We beg farther to state that this is neither the caprice nor whim of any individual, but a matter of securing the right of possession. A question arose as to the legality of letting the land under existing circumstances."

The building of the new theatre in Washington is now going on very rapidly.

Mr. Vincent Wallace has just completed another new English opera, intended for the Pyne and Harrison companionship, but the title is at present a (trade) secret.

Out attentive correspondent, "Wide Awake," thus goes into general sports as well as theatricals while writing from DUBLIN, Jan. 9, 1861.—FRIEND FRANK—Here I am in Dublin, the metropolis of Ireland, after leaving bonnie Scotland, where I was obliged to stay two weeks in Glasgow, during which time I never saw sunshine, owing to the prevalence of impenetrable thick fog. There is a great excitement here to-day, owing to the news just received from America in regard to the peaceful settlement of the Slidell & Mason difficulty. The people here seem glad at the amicable settlement, which will cause the renewal of the tide of emigration which has been stopped a few weeks; business here is very good and the weather fine. In the way of amusements the town is flooded; the Theatre Royal has brought out "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp" for the X'mas pantomime, and it is put on the stage in fine style; at the Queen's they have "Little Red Riding Hood," in which Miss Ernestine Henrarde, from New York, personates the heroine with great success. Yankee Bierce has just concluded a successful engagement at this Theatre.....At the Rotunda, in the minor rooms, we have Professors Fowler and Wells, from New York, in their Phrenological lectures. They have made a big hit in this town, and have made a great many converts, and Professor Buck, the magician, is giving his entertainment in room No. 2; and in the large hall we have the Christy Minstrels who opened here to the largest business they ever played to. The Christy Company at present consists of the following:—W. P. Collins, G. J. Wilson, A Nish, G W. Moore, T Christian, W. Burton, J Spillor, W. Howard, J. H. Melvyn, C. Steele, Mert Sexton, T. Rainford, and H. Montague, Agent.....They have two concert saloons here, namely, Jude's and Levy's. At the first, Jim Moss is the star, a sort of Sam Cowell performer; and at Levy's, they have produced a pantomime on a small scale. At both of these places there is a bountiful supply of would-be nigger performers, who play for a small salary rather than display their abilities on the street.....The pugilistic excitement is not much here. Those who take an interest in the championship are taking sides with Mace, which in my opinion is right. There is a good fight to come off here very soon, between Joe Goss and Randell. This is their second encounter, and I think the latter will win. The pedestrian business is remarkably dull, owing to Deerfoot having played it out. He has made a wonderful lot of money here, but his backers have got the lion's share. I now conclude, but you will soon hear from me again.

Harry Lehr and Nelse Seymour "continue" to be the end men for George Kunkel's Minstrel Troupe at the Baltimore Museum.

Prof. G. W. Kirbye and Son, Mr. and Mrs. Brownell, Johnny Lewis, Miss La Forest, and others, have headed a detachment from the spare forces at the Gayety, Wheeling, Va., and are now on a missionary tour around that locality. Bob Edwards, the proprietor, remains at Wheeling, and manages "the parent institution" with great vigor, being himself quite "an Ethiopian genius." If Professor Kirbye does not know now to travel, then Bob Edwards can't keep a hotel.

We regret that some of the statements made by a recent correspondent pretending to be a lady, and signed "Bellona," from Cairo, Ill., now appear to have been unfounded and unfair towards some of the parties mentioned: From what we have since learned, we suspect that the writer of the letter aforesaid, was neither a lady nor—a gentleman.

In Philadelphia, the theatres have all been doing a good business, notwithstanding the bad weather. Barney Williams and wife have played a fine engagement at the Walnut, and we have just been informed that they have been induced to remain another week. They are now in their fifth week.....What d'ye think? "Uncle Tom's Cabin," revived, is drawing immensely at the Continental. On several occasions, people have been unable to obtain admittance, on account of the crowd inside. Straws show which way the wind blows. We thought "Uncle Tom" was dead and gone, but the war or something else seems to have given the play a fresh start.....John Drew enters upon his fourth week at the Arch Street; he draws well. In fact, all three of the theatres are making money.....Olympic Music Hall still takes the lead, and distances all competitors. This week the Worland Brothers, acrobats and gymnasts, are added to the company, and Mons. Duvernay, contortionist, holds on. L'Eschelle Perilleuse is one of the feats nightly given at the Olympic.....Sanford has got out a burlesque on the recent "Old Folks Marriage" exhibition.....The Alhambra Concert Hall is said to have changed hands again. We hope the place may fall into the hands of some good manager. It is a snug little place, but "Miller and his men" are not the proper persons to make the hall a permanent success.....The Hutchinson Family are to sing at Concert Hall on the 7th.

Gen. Tom Thumb still carries his all-conquering banner in the West, utterly regardless of any fire in the rear. He is to be at Bloomington, Ill., on the 5th and 6th Feb., at Springfield on the 7th, 8th, and 9th, at Alton on the 10th and 11th, and then settles down for a short season at St. Louis on the 12th.

"Aladdin" had a very successful run at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, and is now withdrawn for more novel but certainly not more profitable pieces. Sidney Smith, the stage-manager, when taking a benefit recently, was honored with one of the largest houses of the season.

Washington is said to be much exercised in mind as to whether a certain doctor perambulates with a greyhound and a Newfoundland dog for his own benefit, or that of some circus company. Our opinion is desired. We must confess that, as for any benefit, we "don't see it." Perhaps, however, all the perambulating animals need the benefit of the air. Let 'em slide.

Miss Annie Milner, from the States, is soon to be brought before the public in England. "Draw it mild," gentle Annie!

The Varieties, Buffalo, N. Y., recommences business on the 10th Feb. Since the burning down of St. James' Hall, and the inglorious evacuation of the New Opera House, the Varieties seems to have a safe thing in Buffalo. By the way, a good comic singer in the German language is wanted at the Varieties.

Mark Lemon—the lemon of the London *Punch*—has commenced his entertaining lectures "About London" at the Gallery of Illustration there. Three lectures complete the series. The pictorial illustrations are arranged by Messrs. Thomas and Dalby.

Mr. D. Hanchett and his talented step-daughter, Miss Fanny B. Price, have been playing at Oswego, N. Y. They appeared as Ingomar and Parthenia on the 24th ult.

A spirited correspondent, "Now and Then," thus writes from Pittsburgh, on the 31st Jan.:—DEAR CLIPPER—Have you room for another correspondent? If you have, I promise to keep you regularly and fairly posted in everything of importance that may transpire in or near the "City of Smoke." The theatre has been doing only a moderate business this week, owing more to the very bad state of the weather than the performances offered. On Tuesday the management produced the "House on the Bridge" for the first time in this city. After running three nights it was withdrawn to make room for Capt. W. C. Gallagher, better known in this neighborhood as the "Roman Father," from the excessive number of times he has wanted to play "Virginius." William has an ardent desire to make use of every opportunity to display his abilities as the "Father," and never lets a chance slip by, when the occasion offers itself, hence it is, that we now find him once more before the footlights, after an absence of two years from the stage. But, notwithstanding all this, William draws the "spons," and that is the most important item to managers after all said and done.....On Monday next Miss Charlotte Thompson, who is now at the Front street, Baltimore, commences her first engagement here.....Miss Ettie Henderson, of our city, is now playing a star engagement at Columbus, Ohio, and by-the-by, speaking of Columbus reminds me that a gloom has been cast over the theatre there by the sudden death of the comedian of the establishment, Mr. Lionel Bernard. On Friday evening of last week Mr. Bernard appeared before the public for the last time, and seemed to be as well and hearty as usual, but on the following morning he complained of dizziness, and in attempting to walk to the theatre, he became faint and sank on the sidewalk. He was removed to his room, and medical assistance called in. It was thought he was not seriously ill but a short time prior to his dissolution. Mr. Bernard was forty-four years of age, and was a native of Boston, Mass. He was a brother to Bayle Bernard, the dramatic author, now in England. Lionel leaves a wife and daughter, residing in Cleveland, where his remains will be sent.....Trimble's Varieties has been doing a fair business.....The Canterbury, which was to open on Monday last, under Mr. Wolfe's management, still has a huge padlock on its front door. Rumor says Mr. W. has not arrived from Philadelphia yet with his grand galaxy of stars.

The prices at John Bates' National, Cincinnati, have been "marked down" to ruinous rates. Among the company are Mr. and Mrs. Stoddart, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jordan, Geo. Lingard, Lingham, Lawlor, Mrs. C. Walters, etc. We cannot imagine how John Bates or Gus Fenno can "stand the press."

Kate Bateman's engagement at the Boston Museum is for four weeks from the 3d Feb.

The Howard Athenæum, Boston, is to open on the 10th Feb., under management of Messrs. Wm. M. Fleming and Wm. Ellison. Mr. Setchell and a capital company are already engaged. Joe Price is prompter, and E. Putnam is machinist.

Our correspondent "F" thus writes from Cairo, Jan. 25, 1862:—DEAR CLIPPER: For the past two weeks the legitimate drama has been the "order of the day." On the 22d, Mr. Selden Irwin took his first benefit; the house was crowded to overflowing. The pieces were "Ingomar," and the pantomime of the "Tailor and Cobbler"—Mr. Irwin as Ingomar, and Mrs. Marie Rainforth as Parthenia. Since the departure of the troops, four new regiments have arrived, and the rush for seats nightly, is tremendous. Mr. Holland, the stage manager, displays great taste in his selection of pieces; nor are his merits as an actor to be disregarded. He bids fair to become an excellent leading heavy actor. Miss Marie Rainforth still continues to win admirers, and deservedly so.....To-night, we have the popular drama of "Jessie Brown," again; it seems the patrons of the theatre will never get weary of seeing this piece. Mrs. Frank Graham plays Jessie, and her excellent acting of the part has won her a lasting reputation in Cairo. Her exquisite dancing has also proved a great attraction. Weather fair—business good.

The two flags, representing a North and a South, which had been hoisted at the London Adelphi during the performance of "The Octoroon," were taken down about the 15th Jan. The whole arrangement was a mere Bourcicault dodge.

John Mungall, a Scottish comedian, but a performer of remarkable versatile powers, died at Edinburgh on the 4th Jan., after a short illness, in the forty-eighth year of his age. About eight years ago, deceased went to Australia, where he saved a little money during seven years of active business. Returning home last spring, he was as great a favorite as ever in London, Dublin, and the other theatrical cities, and was about to fill an engagement with Manager John Douglas, of the London Standard, when taken ill at Edinburgh. Mungall has left the bulk of his property, £2,000, to a brother actor, Mr. Gourlay, also a comedian. Both Mungall and Gourlay were pupils of the celebrated Mackay.

"The Invisible Prince," with the fine acting of Charley Bass and Miss Macarthy, runs well at the Metropolitan, Indianapolis.

The "Pulpit and the Stage" formed the subject of a lecture delivered in Philadelphia on the 30th Jan., by Col. Wm. H. Maurice.

A dreadful tragedy recently occurred in a porter's lodge in the Rue de la Fidelite, Paris. The porter, who was a chorus singer at the opera, and the father of a numerous family, returned home about five o'clock, and found in the lodge, two of his married daughters, and the husband of one of them. He had scarcely entered when he drew a sharp, long knife from his pocket, and stabbed his two daughters to the heart. The husband who attempted to defend them, was severely wounded, and has since died, it is said, at the Hospital St. Louis. The murderer, who is supposed to have been seized with a sudden fit of insanity, immediately blew out his own brains with a revolver.

"Seneca" thus writes from St. Louis on the 28th Jan.:—FRIEND QUEEN—Dropping in at several places of amusement lately, I have the following report to make:—At the St. Louis Theatre they were doing the "Angel of Midnight" to a full house, and with all the attention to scenery, machinery, and costume, which the management is so capable of bestowing. The piece will probably have a run. Ere this meets the eyes of your readers, Mr. Jo. Proctor will have *—Deo volante*—made his appearance here for the first time in several years, and will no doubt have given us a touch of the Jibbenainosay, Iegomar, &c.....At the Varieties Music Hall I found a crowd as usual, and a programme full of good things. Among these was a hit at Heller, the Magician, called "Secondsightthirdlyforthefirsttime," in which E. W. Slocum did Prof. Hellerofafeiler, with the assistance of Purdy and Corcoran, to help him "second sight." Like all the funny business these parties do, it was very funny. There has been the addition of Signor Constantine to the Varieties since I wrote to you. He is ballet master, and under his guidance the previously good ballet at this house has become much better, and is now A. No. 1.....All the other old favorites of the company continue to please the company nightly, and everything looks as though Deagle had struck a rich lead.....The Melodeon troupe have returned from Springfield, Ill., where they did a good business. Two members of the company have entered into an unlimited partnership, commencing on the 26th Jan., under the firm and name of Petrie. In other words, Chas Petrie has married La Belle Oceana, nee Italia Judah. They were joined in the "holy bands of wedlock" by Justice Young, Petrie being "stood up with" by our genial friend Slocum. Long may the firm wave, with many "pledges of connubial bliss."....Prof. Heller's goose has, as I wished, hung high, for on one night last week, over four hundred were turned away from the overflowing doors of Library Hall. He remains the present week, and had a full house last night.....Jake Esher still continues to pick up the nimble dimes at the Bowery, in the usual style.....With all our dull times and miserable weather, the show business is very good here, and I may add, promises to remain so.

"Excelsior!" is the word among the concert rooms and saloons. The well known Robert Newton with his wife and three daughters, have now opened a larger concert room at 212 Washington street, Buffalo, N. Y., and seem to be doing well. Newton has Fernando Fleury as stage manager, Emile Wahle as leader of the orchestra; Arthur Gregory as comic vocalist; F. Poussan as pianist, etc. Bob Newton's drolleries, Mrs. Newton's versatility, and the fine voices of the three girls, help to make the Excelsior Concert Room an attractive place in Buffalo. Good on Bob's head!

Miss Ettie Henderson and Mr. D E Ralton are doing up the patriotic business in good style at Columbus, Ohio. "The Union Men of Old Virginia" is called for every night. "The Patriot's Dream" is in rehearsal. Ettie makes a very good "Child of the Regiment," and snare drums are in demand.

That new theatre in Hartford, Conn., does not appear to thrive, but we understand that Manager Tom Hampton is about to have the American Hall re-built and enlarged.

Among the cast so successful in producing "The Octoroon" at the London Adelphi, is our New York favorite, Delmon Grace, as Salem Scudder. Undoubtedly, much of the success of the piece depends upon having a good Salem Scudder, and Grace is all that, whether in New York or London.

Manager Tom Hampton and Miss Lucille Western seem to keep Hartford wide awake. The Seven Star Sisters also helped last week with their French Zouave Drill. By the way, when shall we find the title of the farce properly called "The Eton Boy" properly spelled on the play bills? Printing "Eaton Boy" a million times does not alter the proper title, but the inference is plain that people who cannot spell are not likely to act.

J. C. Myers and Asa Cushman Jr., carry on a fair business at the Providence, R. I., Theatre.

We condense the following account of the burning of St. James' Hall, Buffalo, from the *Morning Express*, of that city, of the 29th Jan., which says that it was the most disastrous fire Buffalo has suffered this winter: "We have lost our noble St. James Hall, and one of the finest buildings in Buffalo, the St. James Hotel, has been sadly injured and defaced. The fire was discovered by a watchman, about two o'clock in the morning, appearing in the enclosed alley, or court, between the Hall and the Hotel. It had been kindled by an incendiary in three separate places. When first detected it had obtained but a slight start, and could easily have been extinguished; but before water could be applied, it had spread to such an extent that Mr. Brisbane, the owner of the property endangered, and several others who were speedily at the scene, found it uncontrollable.....By the time a general alarm had been sounded and the fire department summoned, the flames had ascended through a waste pipe running from the water closet, where they were kindled, up to the dressing room of the Hall, and were already raging in the interior of that. The curtains, upholstery, and light wood work of the Hall were appetizing dainties to the ravenous fire fiend, and it darted from point to point with lightning-like speed, until the whole edifice was presently in its clutches.....The Hall was past saving when the engines arrived, and the efforts of the firemen were mainly directed to the saving of the Hotel, and the building at the rear of the Hall, on Washington street. This made it necessary to fight the flames from the interior of the hotel, and although they were conquered, it was at a great sacrifice. The water introduced flooded the building and caused frightful damage. Added to the damage by water, an enormous amount of breakage and reckless destruction of furniture, together with no small extent of thievery, resulted from the confusion and panic prevailing, so that, altogether, the hotel suffered in but a small degree less than if the flames had smitten it.....The total loss by the fire cannot be accurately estimated as yet. It is thought that the Hall cannot be rebuilt at a cost much below 30,000 dollars. The alteration of the old Eagle Street Theatre into the form of the late Hall cost half that sum. Whether the loss is covered at all by insurance or not, is uncertain. Mr. Albert Brisbane, one of the owners, believes that all the policies expired ten days ago. He cannot ascertain the certainty of this until he has communicated with Mr. George Brisbane, the remaining owner, who is absent from the city. The damage in the hotel, which is insured for $20,000, is roughly estimated at between $5,000 and 7,000, the larger portion of which is upon personal property belonging to the boarders. Mrs. Beecher, the proprietress of the hotel, is, doubtless, a considerable loser. Mr. Flint's personal loss is over $500, and that of Mrs. Matt Peel's Minstrel Troupe, $1,200. The latter lose their entire wardrobe and all their musical instruments, including a violin valued at $75.

Jack Matthews and his Minstrels have ventured out from Pittsburgh on a tour of observation. They were lately at Elder's Ridge, and the plantation dances seem to suit on the Ohio. Jack knows very well that "nothing venture, nothing have."

Under date of Cleveland, 30th Jan., a correspondent with the initials W. E. F., thus writes:—FRIEND FRANK:—We are having a very fine spell of weather here, and theatricals are prospering wonderfully in consequence thereof.....The Webb Sisters, Misses Emma and Ada, with their mother, Mrs. C. M. Webb, have been playing to a very fair run of business. Last night, the Academy beheld a perfect "jam" as it was the first night of the new sensation piece entitled "The Patriot's Dream; or, The Battle of Bulls Run." Mrs. H. A Perry made her first appearance here as Kate Gilmer, and enacted the part in a very ladylike manner. The piece was a decided success, and threatens to hold its "posish" on our stage here for some time. To-morrow (Friday eve.) Artemus Ward has the Academy for a lecture in behalf of the Soldier's Aid Society, and from the present appearance of things he will be greeted with a bumper house.....The Varieties have drawn fair houses this week and have issued some very attractive "bills of fare." Williams, the contortionist, is a great card with the "b'hoys," as also was Maggie Bowers while she was with us. To-morrow night Miss Victoria takes a benefit.

The Continental, Baltimore, has now opened as a free concert hall, with steamed oysters, fancy drinks, etc. The proprietor, Col. Ellinger, is learning a wrinkle or two.

The Peak Family of Swiss Bell Ringers were at Wheeling, Va., the last four days of the week ending on the 1st Feb. They had Washington Hall, but the business was rather slim.

We regret to learn that Mr. J. T. Huntley, of Mrs. Matt Peel's Minstrels, is lying very ill at Buffalo, N. Y. Since the fire at St. James' Hall, the company are temporarily located at the New Opera House. The loss of their instruments, wardrobe, properties, etc., must be a sad blow to the entire party.

The company from the Metropolitan, Buffalo, opened at Erie, Pa., on the 4th Feb. They will return by the 1st of April.

We learn that the footlights of the new Opera House at Paris are to be so constructed that if a cambric pocket handkerchief be placed above the burners it will remain uninjured. This, with non-inflammable skirts for the ladies of the ballet, seems to ensure safety for those who minister to the amusement of the public; but we hope, some of these days, for some enlightened architect, learned in the laws of light and shade, to abolish footlights altogether. In our opinion, light on the stage should come entirely from above, or from the side scenes. Light thrown from the ground illumines parts of the face and figure which should properly be in shadow, and casts into ghastly obscurity the features which should be clear and prominent.

Our readers may remember Mr. Malone Raymond, who gave some very amusing entertainments in this country a few years since. We now have the melancholy duty of recording his demise, which occurred in London on the 15th of Jan., after an illness of a few hours, in the sixty second year of his age, as we are informed, although our impression is that he was much younger. His real name was Richard Malone, and he was educated for the legal profession. As an actor, his merit was versatile and unquestionable. For nearly two years past, deceased was stage manager at Sadler's Wells, under the sole leadership of Mr. Phelps, and gave the most complete satisfaction to all concerned. While in this country, and during his early life, he showed great ability as a vocalist. His father was a Captain in the British army. Malone Raymond made his first appearance at Londonderry, as Collooney, in "The Irishman in London." His first appearance in London was on the 14th April, 1842, as Major O'Flaherty, in "The West Indian." While in this country, deceased made many friends, who will join with us in our regret at his loss.

"Jerry Blossom" thus writes from Baltimore, on the 30th Jan.:—"FRANK QUEEN.—Mr. Eddy has been doing a good business at the Holliday the last three weeks, and continues to draw well. He has appeared in a variety of characters. Last week the "Three Guardsmen" was up, and drew very well for four nights, with Eddy as Athos. One night Mr. Eddy appeared in the drama of "Paul Jones," he enacting the *role* of Long Tom Coffin, Mr. E. I. Tilton that of Paul Jones, and they were applauded loudly in each act. This week Eddy has appeared in the drama of "Monte Christo" for three or four nights. The piece is well got up, and has a variety of curiosities exhibited in the carnival scene, consisting of burlesque representations of the Albino Family, the What Is It, the Fat Girl, and the Boneless Man, which is received with hearty cheers.....This is the best season that Eddy ever played in this city, and it has also been the most profitable to the manager. Mr. Ford has been so successful thus far that he is enabled to build a fine theatre in the city of Washington, which he expects to be completed by the 22d Feb., when he will have a grand anniversary inauguration, opening with Mr. Forrest. Mr. Ford has built this new theatre entirely from his own resources, and deserves to be well patronized by the Washingtonians.....Your correspondent "Young Rapid," week before last, stated that the Holliday Street Theatre was doing a poor business, whilst the Front Street Theatre was doing exceedingly well. Such is not the case.....This week, Miss Maggie Mitchell is at the Front Street, and doing a good business. Her play of "Fanchon, the Cricket," has been a great hit, and draws good houses. She remains all next week; then Barney Williams and wife make their first bow in two years, to the Monumentals.

Mr. G H Griffiths Mayton, formerly known as a good first old man or as an eccentric comedian, is now "farming it" out at Volga City, Clayton County, Iowa. He takes the CLIPPER, and pays for it; these two facts show that such a man can honor any employment and ornament any profession. May Mr. Mayton enjoy a perpetual May, whether in town or out!

A Mr. Dicey, who has just "done up" Italy, threatens to leave England soon, and do up this country for the Paternoster Row market. "Dessay" he will.

We perceive the names of Ed. Bangs, and Tom Cony upon the bills of the concert saloons at St. Louis, but our correspondents say that they "don't see" either at the performances.

The rage for introducing such songs as "The Young Man from the Country," "The Perfect Cure," etc., or else good parodies upon them, is so great in London that they are sung in the pantomimes, as well as among the selections on programmes for concert saloons, etc. "Ah, oh, oh, ah!"

Heller, with a good stock of Hellerisms, opened at Salem, Ill., on the 22d Jan., where he intended to stay as long as it would pay.

One of the latest off-sheots from "The Perfect Cure," is a new dance, arranged as "The Perfect-Cure Ballet." This dance, like the song, leaves the spectator in a "treemenjous" degree of uncertainty after being led along with the certainty of something "orful" coming "right away." It is an admirable reproof for Dr. Cantwells and Mr. Mawworms, while the public enjoy the joke "hugely."

"Young Rapid" thus writes from Washington, D. C., on the 31st Jan.—FRIEND QUEEN: The beautiful Cubas—the fascinating Spanish danseuse, opened at the theatre on Monday last. The house was crowded. On the second night the attendance was very flattering, notwithstanding it rained all day, and the great outside attractions of Tom King's benefit at the circus, and it being the night of the President's Levee. During the week the business has been very good indeed, the house being crowded nightly with ladies and officers of the army. The beautiful Cubas has walked right into the affections of the military men, and they turn out in throngs to see her. On her benefit night, it was impossible to get standing room twenty minutes after the doors opened. Cubas goes hence to the Winter Garden, New York.....At the circus, business is very good. Joe Pentland is the principal attraction, and he is a great favorite here. Little Eliza Gardner is very popular. She is improving every day. She can now jump ten balloons with much ease. On Tuesday last, Tom King took a benefit and was rewarded with a fine house. He was presented with a splendid gold watch.....George Christy's Minstrels have removed, to Odd Fellows' Hall and are doing a good business.....The Canterbury Music Hall, under the management of Mr. George Percival, is crowded every night. Bob Butler, the well known pantomimist, has been engaged here and his advent has produced a great sensation among the seekers of cheap amusements. He is undoubtedly one of the best in the country in his line. Mr. Butler resembles Joe Jefferson very much. Mr. Percival, the manager, deserves great credit for opening a cheap and instructive place of amusement, and his efforts are nightly rewarded by our citizens crowding his hall. His matinees on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are very well attended. He has got a very good orchestra, Mr. Goodall, the leader, being one of the best in the country.

Mr. Augustus Harris, lessee of the Princess', London, has been indulging in the (admitted) luxury of pulling or wringing (twice) the nose of Mr. Frederick Balsar Chatterton, acting-manager of the Lyceum. The nose-puller claims to have been injured in his business by some of the assertions of the nose-pullee, and the nose-pullee claims that nothing but his regard for his official position in the Lyceum (where the assault was committed) prevented him from taking some immediate revenge on the nose puller. The case has gone to the Court of Sessions for a jury trial.

Mr. F. S. Chanfrau commenced an engagement at Columbus, Ohio, on the 3d Feb., and commences another at St. Louis on the 17th.

Mrs. S. C. Hall's Irish novel, "The Whitebey," is being dramatized by Mr. Plunkett for the Surrey, London.

Paul Cane, the gymnast, is now at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh.

James E. Murdoch is to give readings this week at Cincinnati, for the benefit of sick soldiers among the Ohio regiments. By the way, James E. has two sons in our army.

The ladies of Boston are arranging some "private" theatrical entertainments, the proceeds of which are to be appropriated to the benefit of sick soldiers among the Massachusetts regiments. Decidedly praiseworthy, but equally illegal. The right to be charitable has been legislated away.

The Gayety Music Hall, Albany, seems on the rise. The usual company was further strengthened on the 3d Feb., with Miss Kate Stanton, Sam Sharpley, Miss Eva Brent, James La Mont, and Miss Lena Fellows. Charley Lewis is now stage manager.

The Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, in Boston, ought to build some kind of "gutter percher" building, and then place it on the Common, or somewhere having room to dilate its dimensions, so that hundreds of people need not be turned away nightly, as is at present too often the case for the public good. However, those who do get in win a big prize, for every member of the company is a star performer, and the members of the Massachusetts Legislature declare the performances to be without a single objectionable feature. N B.—The warming and ventilation of the building are so arranged that no danger need be apprehended from the most explosive roars of laughter.

Mr. J. B Howe, at present in England, returns to this country about July or August next.

Mr. Chas. Bovee, of Duprez & Green's Minstrels, is reported as lying dangerously ill at Providence, R. I.

Edwin Booth is getting up a Hamlet in opposition to that of Mons. Fechter, in London. "Alas, poor ghost!"

Adah Isaacs Menken has "got going" with the minstrel biz. Capt. Smith, up there in Albany, has tried to put salt on the bird, but she will fly away. In "The Three Fast Women," she personates nine different characters, sings seven songs and foots off three dances! Before zampillaerostating out of Albany she zampillaerostated into the hearts of the people, by introducing her "Champion Female Minstrels" in the fourth act of "The Three Fast Women," and showing off as the Bones of the party. She is well sustained by ten feminine personators of musical instruments. What such a woman may possibly do next is impossible for us to say, but we believe that she zampillaerostates into Buffalo.

Herrmann prestidigitates at Troy on the 4th, Syracuse on the 7th, Rochester on the 10th, and Buffalo on the 13th Feb.

A right smart chance for a good trade is now offered at the Metropolitan, Detroit, where Manager Sherlock is willing to make the most liberal arrangements with "the right man for the right place." For further particulars, inquire of James Sherlock, Detroit, Mich., or see his advertisement in this department.

Duvernay, the contortionist, seems to make "no bones" of himself while winning the most enthusiastic applause nightly at the Olympic Hall, Philadelphia.

Since the breaking up of Manager J. C. Pray's company at the New Opera House, Buffalo, Mr. D. F. Fillmore has rallied the flying troops at Lockport, and opened there on the 31st Jan., with "Our Irish Cousin" and "The Secret." At present, Mr. Fillmore's company is composed of J. H. Rogers, stage manager; C. W. Loveday, C. B. Reynolds, G. W. Smith, J. F. Pike, J. E. Ashton, Geo. Childs, Annie E. Dillingham, Minnie Lanier, Mrs. Lannier, Anna J. Wilford, etc. There are some tall inquiries after Mr. Pray's health, with warm prayers for his recovery. We believe Mr. Pray is in New York, and tolerably salubrious.

Among the attractions at the Melodeon, Philadelphia, are the Rolland Brothers, who are said to be some in double trapeze acts, and that line of business.

That Bowery Theatre, under J. E. Esher, in St. Louis, is going on at an immense rate. Miss Fanny Gilmore, Andy Roome, and all the other favorites have a good chance to shine out under the stage management of James Riley, and the consequence is—a full treasury, and jolly times.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean are announced to appear soon at Drury Lane, London.

We have a few interesting items from Birmingham, Eng., from our correspondent, "E. J." They are as follows:—DEAR FRANK:—On the 13th Dec., I visited the Theatre Royal, New Street, Birmingham, to witness the Christmas pantomime, the "Sleeping Beauty." Performance commenced with "The Serjeant's Wife," an excellent drama, having a Miss Cleveland as the heroine, who possesses rare powers in delineating love, passion, and the finer feelings of the human mind. "The Sleeping Beauty" is said to surpass everything of the kind in scenery, but the tricks and transformations were only medium. One scene, introducing a dozen fairies in pea-green muslin, was grand, and the real water dashing and sparkling from rock to rock, with the superb scenic effects, will compare with any thing ever produced at Sister Laura's temple. Among other hits at the follies of the day, Mr. Spurgeon is brought out and metamorphosed into a gorilla. There is also a Turkish bathing establishment, which cures lameness, the gout, makes a negro white, and does other marvellous things. An attractive and clever dance, called the Gallant Volunteers, brings the fairies again into notice, costumed in green shooting dress, with red trimmings; they go through the manual of arms with real rifles, and end by *sortie* firing amid great enthusiasm. As the names of the characters are somewhat novel, I append them:—Malevolence, Mr. H. Leigh; Hoppiterkickitjumps, H. Hudspeth; King Absolutokillemquicko, J. D Stoyle; Queen Amoroso, Mr. Chapman; Lord Fagtetitotum, Mr. Montgomery; Lord Spangle and Dangle, Messrs. Bancroft and Crouch; Nurse, Mrs. Sairy Gamp; Aurora, Miss Harding; Hyacinth, Miss Bramah; Dewdrop, Miss Harrington; Azure, Miss Tibbitts; Moonbeam, Miss Munro; Rosebud, Miss Mills; Bluebell, Miss Hamilton; Lady Rosabella, Miss Ryder; Princess Perfection, Miss Colinson; Deaf Old Lady, Mr. White; Prince Charming, Miss H Watson; Chopawaymerrily, Mr. Mortimore; Chopawaystrongly, Mr. Nilson; Chopawayfeebly, Mr. Green; Harlequin, Mons. Richards; Harlequina, Miss Tibbitts; Columbine, Mdlle. Schmidt; Clown, W. Seymour; Pantaloon, D. Johnson; and the Misses Annie and Marie Colinson leaders of the ballet troupe. The gallery and pit were well filled, but the boxes looked very beggarly until nine o'clock, when a tolerable number came in at half price. In consequence of the hard times, not a single place of business was represented, although the manager had advertised extensively for this peculiar source of revenue to the stage. Heretofore the leading shop-keepers have paid handsomely to have their wares painted among the scenery, but not one "came down" this time. By the bills, which boys sell outside for a ha'penny, I discover some queer Brummagem wrinkles—Children in arms not admitted; No coppers taken; After nine o'clock, half price to all parts of the house; No money returned; Books of the piece, two-pence.....At the New Theatre, Moor street, Mr. Chute, manager, "Harlequin Cinderella and her Cruel Sisters; or the Prince, the Fairy, and the Little Glass Slipper," has been successfully performed since Christmas Eve, and causes a brisk rivalry at the other house under Mr. Simpson's regime. There's nothing like opposition to get good artists.....The ballet girls are a persecuted class, the world over. In Birmingham their pay is ten British shillings ($2 50) per week, for six nights, two afternoons, and a four hours rehearsal every day; the manager finds dresses, shoes, etc. Who covets such a life? Echo answers, who?.....At the Theatre Royal, before the present stage manager took the reins, an unfortunate gentleman named Munroe held the office, but contracted such numerous debts that the police were continually dogging him about, and he spent half his time hid away in his theatre, to keep clear of the "bum-bailiffs," as they are called. During Macready's engagement here, some years ago, and one night while that eminent tragedian was reciting Hamlet's soliloquy, Munroe dashed across the stage, and disappeared down a trap door, with two policemen close on his heels. Of course Macready stopped in surprise, but the hooting and yelling against the bobbies brought the remark from Mr. M., that it was useless to continue the search, or a serious riot would take place, for the audience wouldn't allow Munroe to be touched while they were present; and satisfied that such was the case, the "peelers" made a hasty retreat. Munroe was safe, and Macready proceeded with his soliloquy. Such is life!.....At the two theatres here, on certain nights in the week, the roughs of the different trades hold supreme dominion of the first three rows of seats facing the stage, and woe betide the stranger who calculates on getting a good seat by being early; the fighters give him such a bonnetting that he frequently leaves the house without seeing the curtain rise through fear of his life. It is only necessary to understand this old time custom to avoid any difficulty, however, and if any New Yorkers come this way, the hint will be appreciated. The glass blowers are supposed to "rule the roast" Monday nights, gun makers Tuesdays, wire workers Wednesdays, jewellers Thursdays, masons Fridays, and carpenters Saturdays—or rather the muscular representatives of those trades. Vive la muscle!.....During Fanny Eisler's £100 a night career at the Theatre Royal, and between two acts, a young fellow gave such a clever rendering of the "chinny bumps"—music made by striking the chin alternately with the knuckles, and humming an air the while—that he was sent for to repeat it on the stage, which he did, amid great applause. That little accident was the making of him, for the danseuse took him under instruction, and soon made him a brilliant dancer; he invariably appears with the lady and goes under the name of Signor Galini.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J Florence made their first appearance in London, since their last visit to America, at the Princess's, on the 20th Jan.

Signor Zanfretta, the tight-rope performer, who accidentally broke one of his legs recently at Wheeling, Va., has recovered sufficiently to travel, and intends visiting his friends in New York as soon as possible.

Don Santiago, the Boneless Man, seems to be promoted in Baltimore, as he began at the Melodeon, and is now at the Holliday street.

Clint Williams, the contortionist, at present filling an engagement at Oberist's Varieties, Cleveland, Ohio, is said to have lost a diamond breast-pin, worth $250, while in the cars going from Toledo to Cleveland. May be so. If so, stick a pin there.

They have a "star farce company" at Trimble's Varieties in Pittsburgh, and Miss Fanny Denham seems to be the "bright particular star" of the party.

Wherever Ossian E. Dodge may go, his "Quails!" seem to be in demand. He began February at Charlestown, Mass., passing to Roxbury on the 3d, Salem on the 4th, Lynn on the 5th, South Danvers on the 6th, and Danvers on the 7th. Mr. Hayward, the balladist, continues to give his fine voice and genial sentiment. There is no dodging the fact that Ossian E. Dodge is emphatically around.

In Alexandria, Va., Canterbury Music Hall is the only place of amusement worth naming. S. Edred is proprietor, and T. Frazier stage manager. The company has Miss Leida White, Johnny Boyd, Al. Pierce, Harry Fenton, Wm. Reinick, Wm. Baker, etc. Frazier was formerly baritone in Mad. Anna Bishop's Opera Troupe. Leida White and Johnny Boyd are jig dancers. Al. Pierce was formerly among the Minstrels at our New York Canterbury. Harry Fenton is the well-known tenor. Reinick is a capital pianist, and Baker is leader of the orchestra. "A hunky boy is Yankee Doodle," in Alexandria. Vide Canterbury.

Jerry Merrifield is at St. Joseph, Mo., when the war has been raging. Baker & Stewart's Varieties is now owned by Baker alone. He is usually known as "the Red Man of Agar." Jerry is a great favorite, but he means to get away to where there is some money.

As we exp

THAT LITTLE SONG.

Oh, sing to me that little song
Of childhood's happy hours,
When love lay sleeping in our hearts
As dew within the flowers;
For as I hear its gentle tones,
And listen to its strain,
A thousand busy memories rise
Before my view again.

I heard it first when but a child,
Amid a merry throng;
Each gleesome voice, now long since hushed,
Joined in that little song;
Their voices like the ocean shells
Are murmuring in my ears;
And even now I feel the spell
Throughout the lapse of years.

Though they, the friends of early days,
Cannot return again,
Yet still they greet my longing eyes,
Waked by that simple strain;
And tears of joy spring to my eyes,
While the quick memories throng
Of other days upon my heart,
From childhood's simple song.

ATHLETIC GAMES.

HOW TO TRAIN.

BY JOHN LEVETT (ex-Champion of England).

From the Irish Sporting Times.

Hints to professionals and amateurs. How to train for running, walking, boating, boxing, or any competition where stamina and enduring powers are requisite; Diet—what to eat, drink, and avoid; Exercise—what, when, and where to take; Clothing—what sort is most essential for training; vicisitudes likely to attend a man training tender feet, sprains in the feet, costiveness, thirst, &c., &c., with simple remedies for same, and showing how to get into the finest possible state of condition by the modern and only proper way to train, with hints to trainers.

Condition is everything; and in good condition a man can do almost anything. I imagine I hear some of my readers say, "almost every one knows that." I grant that to be true; but have patience ardent aspirants to pedestrian, boating, or fistic honors. Nearly every one knows that, 'tis true, but how true it also is that nearly every one don't know how to get into that condition. You acknowledge that. Very well, as I said above, "have patience;" for without it you cannot get into tip-top condition, as it generally takes from one to two months, according to how much you have to "waste" to get quite up to the mark, and you will have to persevere; and it also requires some degree of pluck to stick properly to your training. You flatter yourself you are rather a plucky fellow. Very well, I like you the better if you are, and I shall certainly put it to the test before you have done training. You hope I am not going to hurt you. I certainly am not; you need not fear; but, I say, this is not a very flattering specimen of your pluck to start with. You were only a little nervous. Well, nervousness is no good for any competition that I am conversant with. Still I would rather see a man a little nervous than over-confident; for this reason, the nervous man will pay better attention to his training than the over-confident one. Over-confidence has lost many a man a match (your humble servant amongst the number), by not getting as fit as he otherwise would have done. I said before, how few there are who know how to get into good condition, and yet there are several books written on training, and by celebrated men, too; but there is not one that I could conscientiously recommend an amateur to read wherewith to train implicitly by. Why not? That is a very natural question of yours, and I like you the better for asking. Perhaps you are bigoted in your own system of training? Well, to a certain extent I am, because, from my great experience in training others, training myself, and being trained by others, during the last twenty years, I find that the old system of training was absolutely ridiculous, and that the modern system is the proper one; and, consequently, the only way to train, as a man can get into condition without that wear and tear to his constitution which the old system of physicing and feather-bed sweating did to it; but to the question, why I could not recommend you to train by books? Because if you did you would soon find yourself in a dilemma in more ways than one, and which many a simple thing would rectify that the books state nothing about. Will I give you an instance? Certainly, a dozen before I am done with you. Most rules on training, as regards diet, say:—

"Beef or mutton for breakfast, with dry toast and tea, without sugar or milk; the same for dinner, with old ale to drink instead of tea. This will do for many men, but what will get one man into good condition will certainly keep another back. Now, I have known many men who could scarcely touch meat whilst in training, many an old trainer would shake his knowledge-box and say, that a man could not grub well—that is, if he could not eat a good quantity of animal food regularly and daily—that he would not be able to stand much wear and tear in an arduous contest. I should not like to contradict the ancient individual, but I tell you distinctly that there are many constitutions that could not get into good condition on solid food alone. I have trained with the present champion one-mile runner, Siah Albison, and as he ran a mile in the unparalleled time of 4 min. 22¼ sec., I think I could not show a better example of my theory, that animal food does not suit every constitution, than by telling you that he and I have sat down to our meals over and over again, and he has not touched a bit of meat, not even for his dinner. What did he get then? Why, a boiled currant dumpling. You laugh—I can assure you that is his favorite meal, and he can train well and run well on it. Am I going to train you on dumplings? I am not; but I am going to give you solid food while you can eat it and enjoy it, and when you cannot I shall give you a nice little change of diet which the books do not touch upon. Now to have trained Albison strictly according to the laws of training laid down in the books, would have taken all the running completely out of him. George Seward, the American Wonder, the best pedestrian, take him from 100 yards to one mile, that ever put a running-shoe on his foot, could never run better than when he made plenty of his meals, in training, off boiled pig's head and cabbage, and washed it down with milk. I acknowledge these are rare exceptions, but as there are so many things that a man training requires to know, that are not in any of the rules or instructions written up to the present time on training, I have only to say that, if any one doubts my word, let him get the works, and he will soon find out the want of many material little points which at a certain portion of training, would be of immense importance for an amateur to know. I don't mean to insinuate that the authors have all lacked the knowledge or ability to handle the subject, but I say that some have been too hastily compiled, and not explanatory enough, for either a professional or an amateur to train strictly by. What matter there is in, is, in most cases, sound enough; still, there are many points in which I differ; one material one, too—that is the time for taking gentle and violent exercise.

There is a vast difference between training in the summer and training in the winter, which no work on training, that I am aware of, touches upon. As athletic games are getting so popular, many men now try to get into condition for competition who cannot devote much of the day to training. Now, I don't mean to say that he can get to the acme of perfection, but he will be in most cases (by following the advice I shall give) always able to acquit himself respectably in many a competition where another young man, not availing himself of the advice, or, perhaps, through "over confidence," gets ingloriously defeated; although, at the same time, if he had had the judgment to have devoted his spare hours to a little wholesome exercise, instead of smoking, drinking, &c., he would have been by far the superior man. The proud feeling of victory is undoubtedly great, but so is the feeling of strength and rude health acquired by exercise. Independent of how he enjoys everything he eats and drinks, there is many a young man would like to train, but the principal portion of the day being occupied in an office, or elsewhere, he imagines he has no time to get into condition. Allow me to differ with him, and I have no doubt I shall soon convince him to the contrary; and, when I commence to give him instruction to suit his especial case, I feel that it is a subject that ought to have been touched upon before, and by a more able pen, perhaps, than mine, for this reason: many a young man, confined to an office all day, enters to compete in some of the games that are going to take place; they, although quite ignorant of the rules of training, commence reducing themselves. How often have I seen scores of young men out at night running round the squares, until they could scarcely drag one leg after the other? when they can go no farther they act very sensibly. How? Why, they stop; but in nine cases out of ten they don't stop until they cannot help it. As a matter of course they are in a state of exhaustion, and in a profuse perspiration, and the chances are, that not wishing to be known, except to a select few, they have selected a piece of ground to train on, a mile or so from where they reside, and go leisurely along home in their wet clothes; some, indeed, go to a tavern and drink "dandies" of punch, until it is time to go home to bed. If either of these cases don't catch a beautiful cold the first time they attempt such a foolish thing, they have got the constitution of a horse; but if they have, they must not do it with impunity, as they will be certain to catch cold sooner or later, and how many a fine young fellow has laid the seeds of consumption by these rash and mad-brained ways; but there is a proper way to improve himself night and morning, without much risk or inconvenience, and certainly without that over-exertion that the system is never prepared for at a moment's notice. Should any of these young men I have endeavored to describe, escape by a miracle from catching cold, he makes himself so stiff and shin-sore that he is compelled to give over training almost before he has commenced it, so that by the time he has recovered of his stiffness and sores hins, he is quite "choked off" training because he started with his hard work at the commencement of it instead of gradually working himself to it, so he takes again, quietly, to his "Browsley" and billiards, because it is easiest, and gives over all ideas of ever becoming a shining star in the pedestrian or any other athletic sphere. That man don't know the sacrifice he is making, and, indeed, my theory is that no man knows what he is made of until he has once been in perfect condition, but I don't mean to say that he can get into condition by sitting and reading what I write, but by following the advice given, he may get moderately fit; but no man, to train perfectly, can do so without an assistant, for there are many things he cannot do himself.

A GAME AT DRAUGHTS.

HOW THE JURY SETTLED THE QUESTION.

THE inside of that court-room very closely resembled the interior of a third-rate grog-shop, with the bar recently knocked out. It was a far West Justice's Court, and a very suspicious-looking individual had just been tried for horse-stealing.

"Gen'lemen of the jury," said his "honor," rising, with all the dignity of a live Judge, "Gen'lmen, the prisoner yender stole the hoss; thar ain't a shader of a doubt of it. An' ef yer don't put it to him, yer desarv to hev every critter of yer own, individooally and collectively, druv from yer premises. The law's clear 'nuff on this case; and all yer hev to do is to convict. I'll take care o' the rest."

The prisoner drew a long breath, and the "twelve men and true" retired to a small ante-room beyond, to decide the fate of the unlucky wight, who expected and believed that the jig was all up with him. The horse in question had been stolen from the Judge's son-in-law.

After a little deliberation, noses were counted in the jury-room, and it was found that the precious party stood five for acquittal, five for conviction, and two undecided.

"Come, Bill," ventured one of the crowd, earnestly, "you must guv in; you're allers an off hoss, any way—and allers was; let him slide—he ain't nobody, and it's supper time."

"I shan't gin in to nobody, nohow," responded Bill. "I say he's guilty; but it's hard tellin' how, by the evidence."

Another hour passed, and no decision had been arrived at. Noses were counted once more, and they stood five and five and two. A rap was heard at the door.

"Come, fellers," said the constable who guarded the door, "wot's the prospect?"

"Can't agree," shouted one of the foremost.

The officer retired, and shortly returned to the key-hole of the ante-room, with—

"Say, fellers!"

"Hallo!"

"You ken agree or not, just as you please. The Judge has gone hum, an' I'm directed to keep you in this room, if you don't decide, till next Christmas!"

(It was now July, only.)

This was a desperate case. The weather was exceedingly warm—the windows were barred—escape was impossible; and they were no nearer to a decision than they were four hours previously. Not a morsel of eatables or drinkables was permitted them, and they became uneasy. Bill wouldn't budge an inch. Tim was quite as cross-grained—and, at last, a thought seemed to hit one of the twelve, which was adopted, *nem con.*

"I say, boys, come! a game of draughts. Bill against Tim for the result."

"Agreed, agreed," all.

"Have yer agreed?" queried a voice through the key-hole; "you've come to it, hev yer?"

"Not yet," was the answer; and the jury now turned about for means to carry out their plan. The room was destitute of furniture, but Tim was a carpenter by trade, and found a piece of chalk in his pocket. The draught-board was quickly drawn out upon the floor, a few pennies and half-dimes were scared up among them to serve in place of "checkers," and at it they went, Tim and Bill, for a verdict.

"If Bill wins, it's *guilty.*"

"Yes, yes."

"If Tim beats, it's *not guilty.*"

"Edzactly; now for it."

The game was concluded, and the foreman of the jury informed the officer at the door that they had agreed.

The Judge was sent for; the prisoner, who had been asleep in the corner for three hours, was roused up, and the jury entered the court-room.

"Rise, prisoner!"

"Rise, Mr. Foreman!"

"Is the feller at the bar guilty of stealing the hoss, or ain't he?"

"NOT GUILTY!" said the foreman, clearly.

"You can go, Swipes," said the Judge, in a disappointed tone; "you can go; but I advise you to go soon. I'm a Judge, here, in this room, but out o' doors I'm a different sort o' thing!"

Swipes made tracks forthwith, glad to escape so narrowly and so unexpectedly.

"How'd you do it?" he asked of one of the jury, half an hour afterwards, over a punch.

"Wall, you see, it's perfectly fair, and accordin' to H'yle. We stood five and five and two. We couldn't come together, no how, so we *made an even thing of it.* Tim and Bill did a game o' draughts; and Tim beat him all to rags."

"That was *not* guilty, eh?"

"Edzactly."

"Much obliged," said Swipes. "I'd like to travel with that Tim; he must be one of 'em; ha! ha! ha!"

MISS SLIDELL.

The girl stood on the steamer's deck,
While men in arms stood thick around,
And from Jacinto's threatening sides
A score of cannon on her frowned.
She bade them leave her father there—
She challenged them to do her hurt—
She madly laid her bosom bare,
And fearfully exposed her—shirt!

THE LOVE OF MDLLE. RACHEL.

A story is now going the rounds of the French press, relating to the last days of the great Rachel, and pretending to explain the cause of her death—which is ascribed to love. This slander of a woman who was as cold and icy in her heart (as far as real love and sympathy were concerned) as her eye was in repose, we should be inclined to laugh at and pass over, if the story were not so ingeniously and naturally told. It was after Mdlle. Rachel returned from the ice-brook tempers of the New World, writes the story-teller—a new hand on the Parisian press, who has become a bit celebrated—and I was in the presence of the great *artiste* for the first time. With the air of a queen she bade me sit down. I obeyed her, as if I was a slave and she my mistress. She had just been handed a letter as I entered, which she was reading before me, or hardly reading—merely running over. This she handed to me when she was done, saying, "Why will men love me who have no love to spare from art?" My obedience to her command on my entrance had pleased her, and I am vain enough to think my youth excited, though with the stiffness of a machine. It contained the outpourings of an infatuated soul. It was from the Count St. Dennis, and it seemed to reiterate a love often before expressed. He laid at her feet himself, his titles, and his wealth. The Count St. Dennis was not an every day suiter; and he was one of the favorites of the *jeunes doree* of Paris. He swore that if she did not return his love, or give him some hope or expression of sympathy, he would kill himself. "A dozen writers send me the same threat in a day," said the former girl of the cafe, "and yet I see them night after night afterwards, helping to swell the throng in the theatre. Burn the silly letter, if you please, in the fire yonder, when you have read it." The next evening after this, Rachel was to enact "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and the theatre was crowded as it never was before. You all remember the night, continues the writer; it was the last time she impersonated that character so fully coincident with her own story. She was just about going on in the scene, when she heard a little knot of young men near her conversing rather excitedly of the latest suicide in Paris, that of the late Count St. Dennis, which had been discovered that morning, and they were making guesses as to the cause. Any emotion she may have felt was suppressed in a moment, for the next instant she was before her audience, and acknowledging, with all the dignity of a queen, the plaudits of 3,000 people. It was noted that never before had she invested her character with the charms and expression she did that night; never before had she given to it all the spirit she did on that occasion. The Count in the play was apostrophised with all the ardor of one entirely lost to herself in the maze of a deep infatuation. It could not have been Adrienne the actress that was played that evening; it must have been Rachel the lover. It was neither the artist nor her art that night; it was woman in her truest nature. At last the curtain fell—the play was over. Adrienne lay dead upon the stage. She lay motionless where she had fallen, much longer than usual—so long as to alarm all. Her sister Felix went to raise her up, when, with the pettishness of a child, Rachel pushed her away, but not quick enough to entirely hide her wet eyes and quivering lips—those signs of a woman's weakness. Rachel never played Adrienne again; and after but a few more respesentations of any kind, she retired from the stage to that quiet which eventually ended in the silence of the tomb. She wasted away into death, a shadow of herself, a goddess of grief. That is the story which the reader is welcome to take for what it is worth.

THE KEY OF DEATH.

In the collection of curiosities preserved in the arsenal at Venice, there is a key, of which the following singular tradition is related:—About the year 1600, one of those dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her hand in marriage, and was of course rejected. Enraged at this he studied how to be revenged. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned round with little difficulty. When turned, it discovered a spring, which, on pressure, launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle fineness, that it entered into the flesh and buried itself there without leaving external trace. Tebaldo waited in disguise at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel, unperceived, into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but, seized with sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his house amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was all the skill of the physicians, who could not divine the cause of this strange illness, and in a few days he died. Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal. They too perished miserably in a few days. The alarm which those deaths, which appeared almost miraculous, occasioned, excited the utmost vigilance of the magistrates; and when, on close examination of the bodies, the small instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, terror was universal: every one feared for his own life. The maiden thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the grate. The face of the foreigner had been ever displeasing to her, but since the death of all those most dear to her, it had become odious, (as though she had a presentiment of his guilt,) and her reply was most decisive in the negative. Tebaldo, beyond himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the grate, and succeeded; the obscurity of the place prevented his movement from being observed. On her return to her room the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain increased; the surgeons who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady. The state inquisition used every means to discover the hand which dealt these insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. His house was carefully searched, the infamous invention discovered, and he perished on the gibbet.

THE GAL THAT TOOK ROOT.—A good story is told of a Bostonian's first appearance in polite society in Arkansas. The company were engaged in dancing, and the loveliest female present occupied a chair near the window without a partner. Stepping up to the lady, with a palpitating heart, he exclaimed:

"Will you do me the honor to grace me with your company for the next set?"

Her lustrous eyes shone with unwonted brilliancy while her pearly teeth glistened, her heavy, snowy bo som rose and fell with joyful rapture, as she replied:

"Yes-sir-ree! for I've sot, and sot, and sot, till I've 'bout tuk root!"

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VORACIOUS.—"Waitaw, got any green peas?" "Yes, sir—have some?" "Yaas, bring me three." "Anything else, sir?" "Yaas, a slice or two of strawberry, cut thin." Certainly, sir; anything more?" More? Ah! what do you take me for? a perfect hog, ah?"

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HELEN OF TROY.—CANTO XI.

For five years previous she had been inurned
As pupil in the celebrated school,
(Or, "Female Seminary," as 'tis termed
Correctly) under Mrs. Woodward's rule,
In modern Troy; a lady who had learned
The art to make a scholar from a fool!
Dullness and ignorance were to her misnomers,
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